UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

28992
29/9/93

CONTAINING

TASTE.

The ENGLISHMAN at PARIS.

The AUTHOR.

The ENGLISHMAN returned from PARIS.

The KNIGHTS.

AND

The MAYOR of GARRAT.

LONDON:

Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, T. CADELL, W. LOWNDES and S. BLADON. 1788.

Price bound 1l. 10s.

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THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

THIS ingenious comic writer was born at Truro in Cornwall, but at what period of time we cannot take upon ourselves to say. His father, John Foote, was member of parliament for Tiverton in Devonshire, and enjoyed the posts of commissioner of the prize-office and fine-contract. His mother was heiress of the Dinely and Goodere families. The dreadful consequence of the misunderstanding between her two brothers, Sir John Dinely Goodere, bart. and Samuel Goodere, esq. captain of his majesty's ship the Ruby, is well known; on which a considerable part of the Goodere estate, which was better than fifty thousand pounds per annum, descended to Mr. Foote, her husband.

Our author was educated at Worcester college, in the university of Oxford, which owed its foundation to Sir Thomas Cockes Winford, Bart. a second cousin of our author. On his quitting the university, he commenced student

of law in the Temple; but, as the dullneſs and gravity of this ſtudy did not ſuit the volatile vivacity of his temper and genius, he ſoon quitted it.

He married a young lady of a good family and ſome fortune; but, their tempers being very oppoſite to each other, a perfect harmony did not long ſubſiſt between them. He now launched into all the faſhionable foibles of the age, gaming not excepted, and in a few years ſpent his whole fortune. As he had long taken a diſguſt to the ſtudy of the law, he was obliged to have recourſe to the ſtage, and made his firſt appearance in the character of Othello, but with no great ſucceſs. He afterwards performed Fondlewife, in which he ſucceeded much better; and, indeed, it was one of his favourite characters ever after. He next attempted Lord Foppington, but he liſtened to the advice of his friends, and prudently gave it up. As Mr. Foote was never a capital actor in the plays of others, his ſalary of courſe could not be equal to his gay and extravagant mode of living: he at laſt contracted ſo many debts, that he was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, to ſecure himſelf from the reſentment of his creditors.

A very laughable ſtratagem at length relieved him from his neceſſities. Sir Francis Delaval had

had long been his intimate friend, and had diſſipated his fortune by ſimilar extravagance. A rich lady, an intimate acquaintance of Foote, was fortunately at that time bent upon a matrimonial ſcheme. Foote ſtrongly recommended to her to conſult, on this momentous affair, the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he repreſented as a man of ſurprſing ſkill and penetration. He employed an acquaintance of his own to perſonate the conjuror, who depicted Sir Francis Delaval at full length, deſcribed the time when, the place where, and the dreſs in which ſhe ſhould ſee him. The lady was ſo ſtruck with the coincidence of every circumſtance, that ſhe married the knight in a few days after. For this ſervice Sir Francis ſettled an annuity upon Foote, which enabled him once more to appear upon the buſy ſtage of life.

Mr. Foote now aſſuming the double character of author and performer, in 1747 opened his Little Theatre in the Haymarket, with a dramatic piece of his own writing, called *The Diverſions of the Morning*. This piece conſiſted of nothing more than the introduction of ſeveral well-known characters in real life, whoſe manner of converſation and expreſſion our author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and ſtill more happily repreſented on the

ſtage, by an exact and moſt amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very perſons, whom he intended to *take off*. Among theſe characters there was in particular a certain phyſician, who was much better known from the oddity and ſingularity of his appearance and converſation, than from his eminence in the practice of his profeſſion. The celebrated Chevalier Taylor, the oculiſt, who was at that time in the height of his vogue and popularity, was alſo another object, and indeed deſervedly ſo, of Mr. Foote's mimicry and ridicule. In the latter part of this piece, under the character of a theatrical director, our author took off, with great humour and accuracy, the ſeveral ſtiles of acting of every principal performer on the Engliſh ſtage.

Among thoſe players, with whom Mr. Foote made free, was the facetious Harry Woodward, who returned the compliment in a little piece, called Tit for Tat, of which the following was the beginning:

"Call'd forth to battle, ſee poor I appear,
"To try one fall with this fam'd auctioneer."

In the very ſame piece Mr. Woodward, in the character of Foote, ſays,

"But when I play'd Othello, thouſands ſwore
"They never ſaw *ſuch tragedy* before."

The

The Diverſions of the Morning at firſt met with ſome little oppoſition from the civil magiſtrates of Weſtminſter, under the ſanction of the act of parliament for limiting the number of play-houſes; but our author being patroniſed by many of the principal nobility and gentry, the oppoſition was over-ruled; and, after altering the title to that of *Giving Tea*, he proceeded without farther moleſtation, repreſenting it through a run of upwards of forty mornings to crowded and ſplendid audiences.

The enſuing ſeaſon he produced another piece of the ſame kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*. In this he introduced new and popular characters, all well known, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting juſtice of peace for Weſtminſter; alſo Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This piece was alſo well received by the public.

Notwithſtanding the favourable reception theſe pieces met with, they have never yet appeared in print, nor would they perhaps give any great pleaſure in the peruſal; for, conſiſting principally of characters, whoſe peculiar ſingularities could never be perfectly repreſented in black and white, they might probably appear flat and inſipid, when diveſted of the ſtrong colourings

which

which Mr. Foote had given them in his perſonal repreſentations. It may not be improper here to obſerve, that he himſelf repreſented all the principal characters in each piece, which ſtood in need of his mimic powers to execute, ſhifting from one to the other with all the dexterity of a Proteus, to the wonder and aſtoniſhment of his genteel and numerous auditors.

However, he now proceeded to write pieces with more dramatic accuracy and regularity, his *Knights* being the produce of an enſuing ſeaſon; yet in this alſo, though his plot and characters ſeemed leſs immediately perſonal, it was apparent, that he kept ſome particular real perſonages ſtrongly in his eye in the performance, and the town took on themſelves to fix them where the reſemblance appeared to be the moſt ſtriking.

Mr. Foote continued from time to time to entertain the public, by ſelecting for their uſe ſuch characters, as well general as individual, as ſeemed moſt likely to contribute to the exciting our laughter, and beſt anſwer the principal end of dramatic writings of the comic kind, ſuch as relax the mind from the fatigue of buſineſs or anxiety.

The

The following is a catalogue of his performances.

1. *Taſte*, a comedy of two acts, acted at Drury-Lane, 8vo. 1752. This piece and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worſdale the painter, who acted the part of Lady Pentweazle in it with great applauſe. The general intention of it is, to point out the numerous impoſitions that perſons of fortune and faſhion daily ſuffer in the purſuit of what is called *taſte*, or a love of Vertù, from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, medal dealers, &c. and to ſhew the abſurdity of placing an ineſtimable value on, and giving immenſe prices for a parcel of maimed buſts, erazed pictures, and inexplicable coins, only becauſe they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity, while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the moſt capital artiſts of our own age and country, if known to be ſuch, are totally deſpiſed and neglected, and the artiſts themſelves ſuffered to paſs through life unnoticed and diſcouraged. Theſe points our author has in this farce ſet forth in a very juſt, and at the ſame time in a very humorous light; but whether the generality of the audience did not reliſh, or perhaps did not underſtand this refined ſatire, or that, underſtanding it, they were ſo wedded to the infatuation

infatuation of being impoſed upon, that they were unwilling to ſubſcribe to the juſtice of it, are points we cannot determine; but it met with ſome oppoſition for a night or two, and during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, it found at beſt but a cold and diſtaſteful reception.

2. *The Engliſhman in Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1753, performed at Covent-Garden theatre. This piece met with great ſucceſs; its firſt appearance was for Macklin's benefit, when that performer acted the part of Buck, and Miſs Macklin Lucinda, which ſeemed written entirely to give her an opportunity of diſplaying her various qualifications of muſic, ſinging, and dancing, in all which ſhe obtained univerſal applauſe. The author himſelf afterwards repeatedly performed the part of Buck; yet it is difficult to ſay, which of the two did the character the greateſt juſtice. This piece ſeems deſigned to expoſe the abſurdity of ſending our youth abroad, to catch the vices and follies of our neigbouring nations; yet there is ſomewhat of an inconſiſtency in the portrait of the Engliſhman, that ſcarcely renders the execution anſwerable to the intention. This little comedy was imagined to be a burleſque on M. de Boiſſy's *François à Londres*. On a compariſon, however, there

there does not appear to be the ſlighteſt reſemblance.

3. *The Knights*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1754. This piece made its firſt appearance at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, about the year 1747, and at that time terminated with a droll concert of vocal muſic between two cats, in burleſque of the Italian comic operas. As this, however, was only temporary, the author, to adapt it more properly to dramatic taſte, and render it a more perfect farce, has wound up a concluſion for it, which however, even as it now ſtands, is ſcarcely ſo concluſive or ſo natural as it could be wiſhed; but this fault is amply made amends for by its poſſeſſing, in the higheſt degree, a much more eſſential excellence of comedy, which is great ſtrength of character, and the moſt accurate and lively colouring of nature. His two knights, Sir Penurious Trifle, and Sir Gregory Gazette, the firſt of which has the ſtrongeſt paſſion for perpetually entertaining his friends with a parcel of ſtale, trite, inſignificant ſtories, and the latter, who is poſſeſſed with a moſt inſatiable thirſt for news, without even capacity ſufficient to comprehend the full meaning of the moſt familiar paragraph in a public journal, are very ſtrongly painted. The firſt of them received additional life from the admirable execution of the author

in his repreſentation of the character, in which indeed it has been reported, that he mimicked the manners of a certain gentleman in the weſt of England; and the other ſeems to have afforded a hint to Mr. Murphy in his Upholſterer, to expatiate ſtill more largely on this extravagant and abſurd kind of folly. His other characters Tim and Miſs Suck, with the ſcene of courtſhip introduced between them, though not abſolutely new in the firſt conception, yet are managed after a new manner, and always give great entertainment in their repreſentation. It was afterwards acted at Drury-Lane.

4. *The Engliſhman returned from Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1756. Acted at Covent-Garden. This is a ſequel to *The Engliſhman in Paris*, wherein the Engliſhman, who before was a brute, is now become a coxcomb; from being abſurdly averſe to every thing foreign, he is grown into a deteſtation of every thing domeſtic; and rejects the very woman, now poſſeſſed of every advantage, whom he before was ruſhing headlong into marriage with, when deſtitute of any. This piece is much more dramatic and complete than the other, and has a greater variety of characters in it, two more eſpecially, Crab and Macruthen, which are finely drawn; but the circumſtance of the

cataſtrophe being brought about by Lucinda's pretending to have poiſoned Sir John Buck in a diſh of tea, is taken from Mrs. Centlivre's *Artifice*.

5. *The Author*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1757. Acted at Drury-Lane. This piece was written only for the ſake of affording to the writer of it an opportunity of exerting his talents of mimickry, at the expence of a gentleman of family and fortune, Mr. Aprice, whoſe particularities of character, although entirely inoffenſive, were rendered the butt of public ridicule in the part of Cadwallader. The eager fondneſs which the world ever ſhew to perſonal ſlander, added to the inimitable humour of this writer and performer in the repreſentation, for ſome time, brought crowded houſes to it; till at length the reſemblance appearing too ſtrong, and the ridicule too pungent, not to be ſeen and felt by the gentleman thus pointed out, occaſioned an application for the ſuppreſſion of the piece, which was therefore forbidden to be any more performed.

6. *The Diverſions of the Morning*, a farce, acted at Drury-Lane in 1768, but not printed. This was partly compiled from *Taſte* and Mr. Whitehead's *Fatal Conſtancy*.

7. *The Minor*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1760. This piece was first represented in the summer season, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and though it was performed by an entirely young and unexperienced company, it brought full houses for thirty-eight nights in that time of the year. As the principal merit of all our anthor's writings consists in the drawing of peculiar characters well known in real life, which he heightened by his own manner of personating the originals on the stage, it will be necessary to inform posterity, that in the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, the author represented those of the celebrated Mother Douglas, and Mr. Langford, the auctioneer; and that in the conclusion, or rather epilogue to the piece, spoken by Shift, which the author performed together with the other two characters, he took off, to a great degree of exactness, the manner and even person of that noted preacher, and chief of the Methodists, Mr. George Whitefield. Indeed, so happy was the success of this piece, in one respect, that it seemed more effectually to open our eyes, those of the populace especially, in regard to the absurdities of that set of enthusiasts, than all the more serious writings that had ever been published against them.

8. *The*

8. *The Lyar*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1764. This comedy was originally intended to have been performed during the ſummer partnerſhip between Mr. Murphy and the author; but the run of thoſe pieces they had before brought on, and the unexpected neceſſity of playing the *Wiſhes*, having exhauſted the time limitted for their repreſentation, this was obliged to be deferred till the enſuing winter, when it was repreſented, for the firſt time, at the theatre in Covent-Garden. Its ſucceſs was very indifferent; and indeed it muſt be confeſſed, that it was in itſelf far from equal to the generality of our author's works. Though there were here and there ſome ſtrokes of humour in it, which were not unworthy of their author, and ſome few touches of temporary ſatire, yet the character of the Lyar had certainly neither native originality enough in it to pleaſe as a novelty, nor additional beauties ſufficient either in his dreſs or demeanour, to excite a freſh attention to him as a new acquaintance. In ſhort, on the whole, it was rather tedious and unentertaining, having neither enough of the *vis comica* to keep up the attention of an audience through ſo many acts as a farce, nor a ſufficiency of incident and ſentiment to engage their hearts, if conſidered under the denomination of a comedy, yet it has ſince been often acted as a farce.

9. *The Orators*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1762. This piece, which met with very good ſucceſs, was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in the middle of the day, during ſome part of the ſummer of 1762. Our author has thrown into the deſign of this piece a great variety of characters, ſome of which have been ſuppoſed to be drawn from real life, particularly one of a late printer of Ireland, who, with all the diſadvantages of age, perſon, and addreſs, and even the deficiency of a leg, was perpetually giving himſelf airs of the greateſt importance, continually repeating ſtories of his wit, and boaſting of being a favourite of the fair ſex. Such a character is ſurely a genuine object of ridicule, and the ſtage ſeems to demand it as a ſacrifice at the ſhrine of common ſenſe.

10. *The Mayor of Garrat*, a comedy of two acts, performed at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1763, and printed in 8vo. in 1769. In this very humorous and entertaining piece, the character of Major Sturgeon, a city militia officer, is entirely new, highly wrought up, and was performed in a moſt capital ſtile by Mr. Foote himſelf.

11. *The Patron*, a comedy of three acts, performed at the Haymarket in 1764. The hint is borrowed

borrowed from one of Marmontel's Tales. The character of the Patron, said to be Lord Melcombe, is that of a superficial pretender to wit and learning, who, being a man of fashion and fortune, affords his countenance and protection to a set of contemptible writings, for the sake of the incense offered by them to his vanity. The character of a mere antiquarian, a favourite object of ridicule with Mr. Foote, is here introduced with great pleasantry, Mr. Rust having fallen in love with a fine young lady, because he thought the tip of her ear resembled the Princess Popœa. Sir Peter Pepperpot, a rich West India merchant, comes in likewise, with his account of barbecues and turtle feasts; and a miserable poet, with a low Moorfields bookseller, serve to complete the entertainment.

12. *The Commissary*, a comedy, acted with great success, at the Haymarket in 1765. Among other real characters drawn from life, the late celebrated Dr. Arne was ridiculed in this comedy.

13. *Prelude* on opening the Theatre, 1767.

14. *The Devil upon two Sticks*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1768, printed in 8vo. in 1778. This was one of the most successful of our author's performances; but though it abounds with wit, humour, and satire of the most pleasant

and inoffenſive kind, yet it ſeems to have loſt its exiſtence with its parent.

15. *The Lame Lover*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1770. Though this piece was by no means inferior to any other of his writing, yet it did not meet with the deſerved ſucceſs. Sir Luke Limp, the Serjeant, and his ſon, are admirably drawn characters.

16. *The Maid of Bath*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1771, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The ground-work of this very intereſting performance is taken from a tranſaction which happened at Bath, in which a perſon of fortune was ſaid to have treated a young lady celebrated for her muſical talents in a very ungenerous manner. The delinquent is here held up to ridicule under the name of Hint, and it will be difficult to point out a character drawn with more truth and accuracy than this, eſpecially in the ſecond act. The parts of Lady Catherine Coldſtream, Sir Chriſtopher Cripple, and Billy Button, are all highly finiſhed, and render this piece one of the moſt pleaſing of all our author wrote.

17. *The Nabob*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1772, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. This piece is a ſevere ſatire on the greater part of

of thoſe gentlemen who have acquired wealth in the Eaſt Indies. At the time this play was produced, a general odium had been excited againſt the members of the Eaſt India company, which was kept alive by every art that virulence and party could ſuggeſt. Mr. Foote, ever attentive to avail himſelf of popular ſubjects, ſeized the preſent occaſion to entertain the town at the expence of ſome individuals. The character of Sir Matthew Mite was intended for a gentleman who had riſen from the low ſituation of a cheeſemonger.

18. *Piety in Pattens*, a farce, acted at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1773; but never printed.

19. *The Bankrupt*, acted at the Haymarket in 1776. This piece, like moſt others written by our author, contains little elſe than detached ſcenes without any plot. It exhibits, however, ſome ſtrong delineations of character, and is by no means a bad performance.

20. *The Cozeners*, a comedy of three acts, acted at the Haymarket in 1774, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The character of Simony in this piece was deſigned as a vehicle for ſatire on the late Dr. Dodd. It may be obſerved, as ſome apology for our author's ſtage ridicule, that he rarely pointed

pointed it at any perſons who met with public reſpect, or deſerved to meet with it.

21. *The Capuchin*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1776, and printed in 8vo. in 1778.

22. *A Trip to Calais*, a comedy, intended for repreſentation in 1776, at the Haymarket; but containing a character deſigned for a lady of quality, ſhe had intereſt enough to prevent its obtaining a licence.

Mr. Foote, after having written theſe pieces, ſuffered his name to be put to a work, entitled, The Comic Theatre, in five volumes, 12mo. being a tranſlation of a number of French comedies. Of theſe, however, we are aſſured, the firſt only, The Young Hypocrite, is to be attributed to him.

All Mr. Foote's works are to be ranked only among the *petites pièces* of the theatre. In the execution they are ſomewhat looſe, negligent, and unfiniſhed; the plans are often irregular, and the cataſtrophes not always concluſive; but, with all theſe deficiencies, they contain more ſtrength of character, more ſtrokes of keen ſatire, and more touches of temporary humour, than are to be found in the writings of any other modern dramatiſt. Even the language ſpoken by his

his characters, incorrect as it may sometimes appear, will, on a close examination, be found entirely dramatical, as it abounds with those natural minutiæ of expression, which frequently form the very basis of character, and which render it the truest mirror of the conversation of the times in which he wrote and published them.

Being on a party of pleasure, in the year 1766, with the late Duke of York, Lord Mexborough, and Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote had the misfortune to break his leg, by a fall from his horse, in consequence of which he was obliged to undergo an amputation. This accident so sensibly affected the Duke, that he made a point of obtaining for Mr. Foote a patent for life, whereby he was allowed to perform, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September every year.

Our author now became a greater favourite of the town than ever; his very laughable pieces, with his more laughable performances, constantly filled his house, and his receipts were some seasons almost incredible. Parsimony was never a vice to be ascribed to Mr. Foote; his hospitality and generosity were ever conspicuous; he was visited by the first nobility, and he was sometimes honoured even by royal guests.

In

In 1766, the Ducheſs of K———, who had long been a general topic of converſation, our wit thought would furniſh a good ſubject for a three-act piece; he ſet about it, and during the time of writing it, often mentioned it to his friends, to ſome of whom he read the chaarcter of Lady Kitty Crocodile, which was intended for her grace. We are told, that the ſatire was highly ſeaſoned, and the play one of the beſt he ever wrote. Her grace hearing of her being intended as a principal character in Foote's piece preparing for repreſentation, applied by her friends to the Lord Chamberlain; and when the play came before his lordſhip for his approbation, it was critically ſcanned, and a permiſſion refuſed. Mr. Foote, however, certain that no objection could be laid to it on her grace's part, ſent her the manuſcript to read; but ſhe was inexorable. Upon this, a paper war commenced between her grace and the wit, to the no ſmall entertainment of the town.

The attack made upon his character by one of his domeſtics, whom he had diſmiſſed for his miſbehaviour, is too well known to need being mentioned here. It may be ſufficient to ſay he was honourably acquitted of that charge. It is, however, believed by ſome, that the ſhock he received from it accelerated his death, particularly the

the very active part the agents of a certain duchess took in that criminal prosecution. It is more probable, that his natural volatility of spirits would support him against all impressions from attacks of that nature.

Our author, finding his health decline, entered into an agreement with Mr. Colman for his patent of the theatre, according to which he was to receive from that gentleman 1600l. per annum, besides a stipulated sum whenever he chose to perform. Mr. Foote, afterwards made his appearance in two or three of his most admired characters; but being suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke one night whilst upon the stage, he was compelled to retire, and from that time the public lost their justly-admired Aristophanes. He was advised to bathe, and accordingly went down to Brighthelmstone, where he seemed to recover his former health and spirits.

A few weeks before his death he returned to London; but, with the advice of his physicians, set out with an intention to spend the winter at Paris, and in the south of France. He had got no farther than Dover, when he was suddenly attacked by another stroke of the palsy, which in a few hours terminated his existence. He died on the 21st of October, 1777, about the 56th year

year of his age, and was privately interred in the cloiſters of Weſtminſter-abbey. He left a natural ſon, a minor, to whom he bequeathed moſt of his fortune.

We have very good authority for ſaying. that the day on which Mr. Foote ſet out for Dover, about an hour before he went into his chaiſe, he walked into every room in his houſe, and examined, with an accuracy not uſual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures, of which he had a large and elegant collection. When he came to the portrait of Weſton, he made a full ſtop, as if by ſome ſecret impulſe, and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a ſyllable. Then turning away, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weſton." But the words had ſcarce dropped from his lips, when, with a tone as it were of reproach for his ſeeming ſecurity, he repeated, "Poor Weſton! It will be very "ſhortly, Poor Foote, or the intelligence of "my ſpirits deceive me!"

As a private man, Mr. Foote was ſincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, ſo no man oftener made the minds of his companions

panions expand with mirth and good humour; and, in the company of men of high rank and ſuperior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preſerved an eaſy and noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices, no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will tranſmit his name to poſterity with diſtinguiſhed reputation.

There are in print many ſmart ſayings and repartees attributed to Mr. Foote; but, as we cannot vouch for their authority, we ſhall not inſert them here. The two following lines are among the verſes that have been written on his death:

> Foote from his earthly ſtage, alas! is hurl'd;
> Death *took him off*, who *took off* all the world.

1 *Head from* Herculaneum; *whether* Jupiter Tonans, *or* Venus *of* Paphos, *doubted.*
2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lucina.
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos.
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant* Hercules.
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius infernalis.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Be rich in ancient Brass, *tho' not in* Gold,
And keep his Lares, *tho' his* House *be sold*;
To headless Phœbe *his fair Bride postpone,*
Honour a Syrian Prince *above his* own;
Lord of an Otho, *if I vouch it true*;
Blest in one Niger, *till he knows of two.*

POPE's Dunciad.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street*; and W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church Yard.*

M DCC LXXXI.

[Price One Shilling.]

TO

Francis Delaval, Eſq.

SIR,

WHEN I conſider the long Intimacy that has ſubſiſted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, diſintereſted Friendſhip, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Neceſſity liſted me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleaſure I can addreſs the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconſiderableneſs of the Preſent. I thought it worthy their Attention, and conſequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have ſpun out the Piece to the Extent of Five Acts; but beſides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the ſingle Object of my Satire, I declare myſelf a

Rebel to this univerſal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occaſioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submiſſion of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* ſubjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought preſumptuous in me to have dignified ſo ſhort a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reaſons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are conſidered, the Critics muſt indulge me with the Uſe of that Title; at leaſt till they can furniſh me with a better. As the Follies and Abſurdities of Men are the ſole Objects of *Comedy*, ſo the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly reſtrained. No unnatural Aſſemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic* Muſe; Men and Things muſt appear as they are. It is employed either in debaſing lofty Subjects, or in raiſing humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. *F*——, and a Traveſtie of the *Ulyſſes*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-houſe, *Telemachus* is a Tapſter, and the *Heroe* a Recruiting Serjeant. In both theſe Inſtances you ſee Nature is reverſed; but as I flatter myſelf in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave

to

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Addreſs, the Contents of many of our Converſations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Diſſipations the World may ſuppoſe our Days to have been conſumed, many, many Hours have been conſecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the preſent Occaſion will demonſtrate, that Pleaſure has not been always my Purſuit; and unleſs I am greatly miſtaken, it will ſoon be diſcovered, that, joined to the acknowledged beſt Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of theſe Qualities, in the Perſon of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendſhip, is the ſole Cauſe of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demoliſhes all ſublunary Connections, ſhall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PREFACE.

I Was always apprehenſive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abſtracted and ſingular for the Comprehenſion of a mix'd Aſſembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, *with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare ſay, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to ſpeak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the Houſe. But tho' I deſpair of gratifying the* Populum Tributim *of the* THEATRE, *yet I flatter myſelf the* Primores Populi *will find me no diſagreable Companion in the Cloſet,* et ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Deſign was to ſerve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of ſome late Tranſactions, I think the Public vaſtly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE *have proved ſucceſsful, is intirely owing to the Generoſity and Humanity of the Managers of* Drury-Lane THEATRE; *they have given him a Benefit,*

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, *I have more perſonal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of aſſuring him, that I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful Remembrance of his Aſſiſtance, Aſſiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progreſs, and untimely End of this my laſt and favourite Offſpring.*

The Objects of my Satire were ſuch as I thought, whether they were conſidered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deſerved the Notice of the Comic *Muſe. I was determined to brand thoſe* Goths *in Science, who had proſtituted the uſeful Study of Antiquity to trifling ſuperficial Purpoſes; who had blaſted the Progreſs of the elegant Arts amongſt us, by unpardonable Frauds and abſurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by perſuading them, that what only ſerves to illuſtrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleneſs real Buſineſs. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally ſubmitted to the Public.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And ſpoken by him in the Character of an *Auctioneer.*

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF *appear,*
A Briton *born, and bred an* Auctioneer;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent deſp'rate Caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine ſpread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand.
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When great Ones only purchaſe—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? *It is a harmleſs Faſhion,*
And quite ſubdues each detrimental Paſſion;
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoſo, *too, and* Connoiſſeur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The ſmalleſt Hair their looſer Thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when ſingle, and when married, cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus *muſt be old, and want a Noſe!*
No am'rous Paſſion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!

'Tis

Tis said Virtù *to such a Height is grown,*
All Artists are encourag'd—— but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
I never yet sold Goods *of* foreign *Growth:*
Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece *or* Rome;
My best Antiquities are made at Home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians *near at hand,*
True Britons *all—and living in the* Strand.
I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.
But hush——
Should it be known that English *are employ'd,*
Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve—
If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to Arts—*they're* going, going going;
The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
Then set Us *up—and knock the* Poet *down.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1753.

Carmine,	*Mr.* Palmer.
Puff,	*Mr.* Yates.
Bruſh,	*Mr.* Croſs.
Novice,	*Mr.* Blakes.
Lord Dupe,	*Mr.* Shuter.
Alderman Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Taſwell.
Caleb,	*Mr.* Coſtollo.
Boy,	*Maſter* Croſs.
Lady Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Worſdale.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A *Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, *followed by the Boy.*

CARMINE. LAY theſe Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Viſitors or Meſſages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and inſiſts upon Miſs *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately finiſh'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he ſays, you may take your own Time.

Carm.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Meſſage too, from my Lady *Pen*——— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She deſires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it. (*Exit* Boy. Was the Whole of our Profeſſion confined to the mere Buſineſs of it, the Employment would be pleaſing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the laſt Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an eaſy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to ſupply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Deſign of a *Raphael*—all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the firſt Requiſites, would be uſeleſs; and with theſe, one of them is neceſſary.

Enter Boy *with the Slate.*

Carm. Let's ſee———Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-ſtreet*———Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varniſh* ſhould come, I am at Home. (*Exit* Boy. Lady *Pentweazel!* ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or laſt Paſſion old Age is ſubject to —— this ſuper-annuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like a Neſt

a Neſt of unfledg'd Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her —— no Matter how coarſe; well, ſhe ſhall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen*.

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir,

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt*'s Etching by *Scrape*, in *May*'s *Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a ſmall Game——you know the Proverb——What became of you Yeſterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Poſitive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide juſt One hundred and Twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether ſo faſt—— *Varniſh* had Two Pieces for bidding againſt *Squander*; and *Bruſh* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Triſle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if theſe People are eternally quarter'd upon us,

us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Bruſh*———but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Conſequence? He clandeſtinely ſold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loſer by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the beſt condition'd Eſtate in the County of *Middleſex*. Why now there's your *Suſannah*; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at moſt, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the ſalutary Application of the Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a Hundred and thirty Pounds; beſides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there muſt be Combinations. —*Varniſh* and *Bruſh* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they ſhould partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praiſe be to Folly and Faſhion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and ſcurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and Mr. *Puff*, I have a ſtrange Mind to leave you to yourſelves, and then ſee what a Hand you would make of it —— Sir, if I do now and then

then add ſome Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condeſcenſion to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Maſters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Suſannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Poſt-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-waſher, thou—— Sirrah, have you ſo ſoon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The firſt Time I ſet Eyes on you, Raſcal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in ſcarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-houſe Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

Carm. The Meanneſs of my Original demonſtrates the Greatneſs of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius ſoar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouſes, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs for Porridge Iſland.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the ſame.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raiſe you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Gooſe* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the firſt live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*.—you are ſo——

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to draw the *Queen* there?

(Loud Knocks at the Door.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's ſake! dear Sir, you are ſo warm, we ſhall be blown——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*——

Carm. Send her to the——Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you ſee I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a ſmall Time——Lady *Pentweazel* ſits for her Picture, and ſhe's——

Puff. I have ſome Buſineſs at next Door; I ſuppoſe in half an Hour's Time——

Carm. I ſhall be at Leiſure. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Dear *Carmine*—— *(Exit* Puff.

Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, ſhew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!—very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady *Fuſſock*—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumſtead*, by all that's

that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmine*, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglineſs, and yet preſerve the Likeneſs.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel*'s Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmine*; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis*, a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmine*, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary*'s Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be ſitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha!—but my Daughter *Sukey*, you muſt know, is juſt married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping* of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be ſaid nay; ſo it is not ſo much for the Beauty. as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeneſs, I muſt preſerve the Beauty, —Will your Ladyſhip be ſeated? *(She ſits.*

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worſerer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuſe?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam——the Left——now, if you pleaſe, the Full——Your Ladyſhip's Countenance is ſo exactly proportion'd, that I muſt have it all; no Feature can be ſpar'd.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam——Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me——your Head more up——Shoulders back——and Cheſt forward.

Lady. Bleſs me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps. ——Shall I ſend for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll ſupply that for the preſent—Your Ladyſhip was juſt now mentioning a Daughter—Is ſhe—your Face a little more towards me—Is ſhe the ſole Inhe-

Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or—— have you ——

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!——why that's my youngeſt of all, except *Caleb.* I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and chriſten'd ——ſtay—don't let me lye now---One---Two—— Three——Four——Five——Then I lay fallow ——but the Year after I had Twins——they came in Mr. *Pentweazel*'s Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*——in ſhort, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyſhip is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thouſand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not ſome Honours to reward ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongſt *Chriſtians* was as much encouraged as amongſt Dogs and Horſes, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandiſh Locuſts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for ſome ſuch Purpoſe is about to paſs, and that we begin now to have almoſt as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preſervation of the Game in theſe Kingdoms---Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes---Oh! that Look, that, that, I muſt deſpair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windſor*; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman——ſhe had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Huſbands——we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*——my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. That's Carnation! Here's your fleſh and Blood! *(ſhewing her Arm.*

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour!

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World. ——Even before Marriage never idle; none of your gallopping, goſſipping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other——All our Family had a *Geno*; and then I ſung! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſick.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady.

Lady. Tones——you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miſs *Molly Griſkin*, ſays he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyſhip has preſerved every Thing elſe ſo well, I dare ſwear you have not loſt your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are ſo polite, that it's impoſſible——But I have none of your new Playhouſe Songs——I can give you one that was made on myſelf by *Laurence Luteſtring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady.

As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damſel ſo charming and clever;
Her Voice to pleaſe it could not fail,
She ſung like any Nightingale.
Fal de rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bleſs me! I have ſuch a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men——you ſing.

Carm. A Ballad, or ſo, Madam; Muſick is a Siſter Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be aſhamed of our Relations, unleſs they are poor; and then, you know——.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel* and Mr. *Puff.*

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull* and *Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Jerk*, near *Doncaster*, and comes To-day by the *York* Waggon; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs.——Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so aukward. There was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time——Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Maſter ſays he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them faſt enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well ſaid—We now—If he does, I know who muſt teach him. Well, Child, and doſt remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Doſt know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what haſt learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æſop's Fables*, and can ſay all *As in præſenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word—that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been loſt; I queſtion'd the Lad as we came along; I aſk'd him himſelf———

Lady. Well, well, ſpeak when you are ſpoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often muſt I———Well, *Caleb*, and hadſt a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord *Gorman*'s fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the——— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and ſo fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; ſo we left ſhe behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; ſo only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the Blood of the *Griſkins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us ſee if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profeſs they are all ſo handſome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am ſurprized at your Want of Diſcernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Poſſeſſion of a Jewel deſtroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it ſeems impoſſible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally ſucceſsful, in this Inſtance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softneſs, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel?*

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff.

Puff. That Clearneſs and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddineſs and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, ſet on Head, full Cheſt, taper Waiſt, plump———

Lady. Spare me, ſweet Sir! ——You ſee Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them——Well, I profeſs, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Diſcernment; and if Buſineſs ſhould bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleaſure can bring a Man of your refined Taſte there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady. I ſay, Sir, if ſuch an Accident ſhould happen, and *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms———

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!———

Lady. It is not impoſſible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in ſuch a Manner as to ſhew our Senſe of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyſhip's moſt———

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady. Sir———Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very fineſt.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady.

Lady. Sir——Your moſt obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex.* Ald. *and* Wife.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well ſaid, *Puff.* What a Calamity haſt thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou haſt ſo tickled the Vanity of the Harradan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff*, a matrimonial Aſſiſtant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine-cure.*

Carm. No, that you muſt not expect; but unleſs I am greatly miſtaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyſhip's were addreſs'd to you with moſt perſuaſive Tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter———But to our Buſineſs. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promiſed to meet Mr. *David Duſſledorpe*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, and Lord Dupe, to examine the Pictures, and fix on thoſe for which they are to bid——But ſince we have ſettled the *German* Plan; ſo *Varniſh* or *Bruſh* muſt attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all Means purſue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoſo; it announces Taſte, Knowledge, Veracity, and in ſhort, every Thing—But can you enough diſguiſe the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Diſcovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynheer Groningen* blaſts us at once. *Puff.*

Puff. Never fear me. I wiſh you may have equal Succeſs in the Part of *Canto.*

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man muſt have very ſlender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witneſs to for ten Years.

Puff. But you muſt get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis eaſy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies: the very beſt Work of the beſt Maſter, Subject agreeable, highly finiſhed, and well preſerved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir *Poſitive*; a going for Fifty; ſpeak, or it's gone for Fifty: Joy to your Ladyſhip. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be buſhy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Abſolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackſon's Teniers*; and for Buſts, *Taylor's* Head without a Noſe from *Herculaneum.*

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finiſh'd by next Week.

Puff. You muſt take care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals—he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm.

Carm. The Coins of the firſt Emperors are now ſteeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill---The Reſt we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir——a troubleſome Fellow, this — confounded Memory-----uſeful, tho' ----Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs!---muſt get rid of him------Ay, but when?-----Why when?---when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?----Oh, then it does not ſignify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Puff, *as* Monſieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine *as* Canto, *and* Bruſh.

CANTO. COME, buſtle, buſtle. *Bruſh*, you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your *German?*

Puff. I canno ſpeak for *Englandt*, but I can mak underſtand very mightily. Will that do?

Bruſh. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchaſe Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you muſt clap Lord *Dupe*'s Coat of Arms on that Half Length of *Eraſmus*; I have ſold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It ſhall be done---Be it my Province to eſtabliſh the Baron's Reputation as a Connoiſſeur.--*Bruſh* has ſeen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Buſineſs mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Bruſh. Your Portraits go firſt, *Carmine*. *Novice*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the *Jew* Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the Hiſtory Pieces.---Which are moſt likely to ſtick?

Canto.

Canto. Here's a Liſt.

Bruſh. Huſh, hide the *Eraſmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs,

(*Exit* Carmine, *and-r-eenters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, *&c.*

Lord. Mr. *Bruſh.* I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Anceſtor.

Bruſh. It is in my Poſſeſſion, my Lord; and I have the Honour to aſſure your Lordſhip, that the Family Features are very diſcernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dreſs, there's a ſtrong Likeneſs between you and your Predeceſſor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All theſe you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Bruſh. Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend ſolely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to ſurvey, and purchaſe for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indiſputable Connoiſſeur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordſhip. 'Tis a thouſand Pities that any of theſe Maſters ſhould quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immenſe Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taſte and liberal Knowledge is vaniſh'd from amongſt us?

Lord. Sir---leave the Support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?---Does he ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bruſh.

Bruſh. Not fluently, but ſo as to be underſtood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taſte, and for well-timed Generoſity, the *Leo*——and the *Mecænas* ——of the preſent Age, deſires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuſe, one Precieuſe of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occaſions us the Honour of a Viſit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

Lord. Are there any here that deſerve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maiſter is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorciſing the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion ſomewhere--Oh! here, which is the ſame Saint in a Wilderneſs, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Bruſh. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordſhip's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are thoſe, Mr. *Canto?*

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordſhip.

Lord. This, I preſume, might have been a Landſkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Bruſh. An indiſputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; beſides a little Varniſh will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a *Moſes* in the Bulruſhes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Siſter in the Corner, the Diſtreſs and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, are Circumſtances happily imagined, and boldly expreſs'd.

Bruſh. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Maſter is alive, and an *Engliſhman*--

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it Houſeroom.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find ſtick up here in de Corner: I was ſee in *Hollandt*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with bruſh Tails ran up the Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call--Pſhaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Bruſh.

Bruſh. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I ſhould think, by the Cheeſe and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, inſtead of a *Dutch*.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wiſh to my Heart Lord *Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Bruſh?* My dear *Bruſh*, am I too late?

Bruſh. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I loſe my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the firſt Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haſte than a young Surgeon to his firſt Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Bruſh*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I ſee them, and in a Fever of Deſire till I poſſeſs them.

Bruſh. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to ſee the Buſts, Medals, and precious Reliques of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may ſhow him ſomething of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward---The firſt Lot conſiſts of a Hand without an Arm, the firſt Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, ſuppoſed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*---The ſecond, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*—The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius Infernali*,

fernalis--The fourth, the Half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*--all indiſputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me ſee *Juno*'s Half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pſhaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maiſter is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules*' Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Iriſh* Man.

Nov. But where are your Buſts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curioſity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the viſible World; there may be ſome under Ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taſte it? It has the Reliſh. *(All taſte.*

Nov. The Reliſh! 'Zooks it coſt me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov.

Nov. So you may think; but three Times the Money ſhould not purchaſe it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whoſe Buſt is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empreſs *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might ſhe be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! ſhe was a Kind of a What-d'ye-call'em--a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or ſomething or other to ſomebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago---*Mummy* told me the whole Story; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Buſts.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir --- the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the moſt perfect Performances of modern Artiſts---Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchſtone for your Taſte!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear diſmember'd Buſt! a little farther off. I'm raviſh'd! I'm tranſported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the preſent, priggiſh, prick ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! ſo decent, and ſo grave, and---

Who the Devil do you think it is, *Bruſh?* Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoiſſeurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the firſt, nor handſome enough for the laſt.

Nov. Yes, handſome enough.

All. Very handſome; handſome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatiſe dedicated to the King of the *Two Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated about Eleven hundred and three Years before the Moſaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare ſwear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Buſt; but where is de Noſe?

Nov. The Noſe; what care I for the Noſe? Where is de Noſe? Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Sixpence for it--How the Devil ſhould we diſtinguiſh the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?——The Noſe, indeed! Why I don't ſuppoſe, now, but, barring the Noſe, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every Whit——*Bruſh*, who s this Man with his Noſe? The Fellow ſhould know ſomething of ſomething too, for he ſpeaks broken *Engliſh*.

Bruſh

Bruſh. It is Mynheer *Groningen,* a great Connoiſſeur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man muſt know damn'd little of Statuary, that diſlikes a Buſt for want of a Noſe.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Noſe itſelf without the Head, nay, in another's Poſſeſſion, would be an Eſtate——But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horſe; and a complete Statue of the Emperor *Trajan,* with only the Head and Legs miſſing; both from *Herculaneum.*———This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, *and* Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel,* let us have none of your *Blawbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction—

Ald. Where of courſe nothing is ſold that is uſeful.——I am tutor'd, ſweet Honey.

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir——— (*To* Bruſh.

Bruſh. Your Pleaſure, Ma'am.

Lady. I ſhould be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to ſhow the World, that we in the City have Taſte.

Bruſh. 'Tis a laudable Reſolution, Ma'am, and, I dare ſay, Mr. *Canto* can ſupport—— Bleſs me, what's that?

(Caleb *throws down a China Diſh.*

Lady. That Boy, I ſuppoſe! Well, if the miſchievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he ſtands——Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?———Leave ſucking your Thumbs. What, I ſuppoſe you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet Honey, don't be ſo paſſionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loſs is not great; come, come.

Bruſh. Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a Twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You ſhould have twenty of my Teeth as———

Canto. You mean if you had them--Your Ladyſhip does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourſcore Guineas for the Pair.

Lady. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and ſo fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen! *Lord,*

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly ſet you right in this Affair; you don't ſeem acquainted with theſe Kinds of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and theſe Gentlemen are, I dare ſay, of the ſame Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never diſpute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taſte; he is a Foreigner, and ſo can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Ma'am, I love to ſerve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was ſee ſuch another Piece ſell at *Amſterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never ſtir if that Gentleman ben't the ſame that we ſee'd at the Painting Man's, that was ſo zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and ſpeaks Outlandiſh. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we ſaw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever ſaw. *Caleb* is right; ſome Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wiſh it was. (*Aſide.*) I no underſtand.

Cato. So, Maſter *Puff*, you are caught. (*Aſide.*

Lord. This is a moſt unfortunate old Lady.—Ma'am, you are here under another Miſtake. This is Mynheer Baron *de*———

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, becauſe we live in the City, we can't ſee?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can gueſs. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maiſter *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I ſee the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roaſting Pigs. (*Aſide.*) I can't ſay I ever ſaw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impoſtor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how ſhould you like walking into the *Thames?*

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Raſcal complain'd but now that the Buſt wanted

wanted a Noſe; ſuppoſe we were to ſupply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Juſtice, Mr. *Novice.*

Canto. Great Raſcal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in theſe Aſſemblies, adieu to all moral Honeſty. I think an Example ſhould be made of him. But, were I to adviſe, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the preſent Company.

All. Away with him———

Puff. Hands off. If I muſt ſuffer, it ſhall not be ſingly, Here is the obſequious Mr. *Bruſh*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, ſhall be the Partners of my Diſtreſs. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Abſurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuoſi, you Connoiſſeurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publiſhing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchleſs Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mecænas*, the *Petronius*, notwithſtanding his exquiſite Taſte, has been drawn in to purchaſe, at an immenſe Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbiſh!

Lord.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient —When ſhall I ſend you your *Corregio*, your St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Raſcal! (*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my ſprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.----I has the Reliſh; an indiſputable Antique; being a *Briſtol* Fathing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Caſh, and purchaſed for Two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff.* Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Briſtol* Farthing!

Puff. Moſt aſſuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. (*Going.*

Puff. Stay, ſtay, and take your Buſt, my ſweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they ſay, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! ſo decent, and ſo--ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Six-pence for it--Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I ſhall live to ſee you hang'd, you Dog. (*Exit.*

Puff.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!—— Now, Madam, to your Ladyſhip I come; to whoſe Diſcernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Diſcovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuſe my Lady. I am one of the——

Puff. Quorum--I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to ſerve your Worſhip by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not ſtay to hear the Raſcality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct the Severity of that Frown, leſt you ſhould have more of the *Meduſa* than the *Medicis* in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite loſt my City Acquaintance; why, I've promiſed all my Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball, through your Ladyſhip's Intereſt.

Lady. My Intereſt, indeed, for ſuch a——

Puff. If *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms —-Sir——Ma'am——Not a Step---The fineſt Gentleman! ha, ha, ha!—And what can you ſay for yourſelf, you cowardly ill-looking Raſcal? (*to* Canto.) Deſert your Friend at the firſt Pinch——-your Ally----your Partner---No Apology, Sir---I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you; to that I reſtore you. Your Crime be your Puniſhment. (*Turning to the Audience.*)

Could

Could I be as ſecure from the Cenſure of this Aſſembly as I am ſafe from the Reſentment of *Dupe*, *Novice*, *Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my falſe Friend, I ſhould be happy.

'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.

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THE

Engliſhman in *Paris.*

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Written by SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
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April 21, 1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

3

PROLOGUE,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. *TO contradict me! — Blockhead! Ideot! Fool! Sot!*

HE. *But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is forgot.*
To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. *No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,*
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. *I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.*
LADIES, ——— ———

SHE. *—Hey! How come you to claim the first Word?*
GENTLEMEN, *my Husband and I have had a Dispute,*
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.
—Hem! Hem!—
After Plutarch *of* Rome! *and* Virgil *of* Greece!
And Iliads, *and* Eniends, *and Authors like these;*
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consist the true Essence of Man:
Whilst my Husband—

HE. ——— *Nay, pray let me state my own Case,*
And I'll make it as clear as the Nose in your Face,
That Hissing in Man preserves the first Place.
To begin then with Critics:—'Tis their capital Bliss,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. *I grant it, sweet Sir,—— if you mean at your Works.*
Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule still has its Exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your Farces, your Pasquin, *and Stuff,*
At your Tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.

And

And again, Mr. Wiſeman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilſt your favourite Hiſſing, ſage Sir, if you pleaſe,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geeſe.
SHE. *And arn't you aſhamed—('tis no Time to diſſemble,)*
O Critics! theſe Creatures in this to reſemble?
HE. *Not a Jot; in this Place 'tis of ſingular Uſe,*
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuſe.
In the Practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to adviſe,
The Hiſſing like Geeſe I would have you deſpiſe,
And copy the Serpent,——be ſubtle and wiſe,
But free from his Venom:———Well, Sirs! what d'ye ſay?
Is your Judgment——
SHE. ————*Let us wait 'till the End of the Play:*
In the Progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether Laughing or Hiſſing is moſt to their Mind.
HE. *I'm ſure they will hiſs.*
SHE. *And I hope they'll be kind.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK,	Mr. *Palmer.*
Sir JOHN BUCK,	Mr. *Wrighten.*
SUBTLE,	Mr. *Waldron.*
CLASSIC,	Mr. *Packer.*
MARQUIS,	Mr. *Lamaſh.*
Dancing-Maſter,	Mr. *R. Palmer.*
ROGER,	Mr. *Griffith.*
Mrs. SUBTLE,	Mrs. *Love.*
LUCINDA,	Miſs. *Collet.*

Servants, &c.

THE

Engliſhman in *Paris.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE *and Mr.* CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but ſtill I ſay that a *Frenchman*----

Claſſic. Is a Fop; it is their national Diſeaſe; not one of the Qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its Origin to a Foible; their Taſte is Trifling, their Gaiety Grimace, and their Politeneſs Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the Duce brings you to *Paris* then?

Claſſ. A Debt to Friendſhip; not but I think a ſhort Reſidence here a very neceſſary Part in every Man of Faſhion's Education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the Uſe?

Claſſ. In giving them a true Reliſh for their own domeſtic Happineſs, a proper veneration for their national Liberties; a contempt for Adulation; and an Honour for the extended, generous Commerce of their Country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Maſter *Claſſic*; the Traders here are a ſharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a----Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; deviliſh dear, Maſter *Claſſic*, deviliſh dear.

Claſſ. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr. *Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wiſely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are ſafe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. *Buck* laſt Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on purpoſe for him, and my Ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; ſhe longs to ſee him again.

Claſſ. I am afraid with the ſame Set his Father ſent him hither to avoid; but we muſt endeavour to inſpire him with a Taſte for the Gallantries of this Court, and his Paſſion for the lower Amuſements of ours will diminiſh of Courſe.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpoſe without; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hoſiers——Is not that Mr. *Buck*'s *Engliſh* Servant?

Enter Roger.

Claſſ. Oh! aye, honeſt *Roger*. So, the old

old Doings, *Roger*; what time did your Maſter come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we ſhall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Claſſ. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and *Bob Breadbaſket* the Bruiſers: They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been ſent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Maſter's Bell; do, Maſter *Claſſic*, ſtep up and talk to'un; he's now ſober, and may hearken to Reaſon.

Claſſ. I attend him. Mr. *Subtle*, you won't be out of the Way.

Mr. Sub. I ſhall talk a little with the Tradeſmen. A ſmoaky Fellow this *Claſſic*; but if *Lucinda* plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction ſeems to be the Life and Soul of young *Buck*.—A tolerable Expedition this, if it ſucceeds——Fleece the Younker!——Pſhaw, that's a Thing of Courſe!——but by his Means to get rid of *Lucinda*, and ſecurely pocket her Patrimony;——aye! that indeed----

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot? Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. A little ſqueamiſh at firſt; but I have opened her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, ſooner or later Women will attend to their Intereſt.

Mr. Sub. Their Intereſt! aye, that's true; but conſider, my Dear, how deeply our own Intereſt is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mr. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got ſuch whimſical Notions of Honour, and is withal ſo decent and modeſt: I wonder where the duce ſhe got it; I am ſure it was not in my Houſe.

Mr. Sub. How does ſhe like *Buck*'s Perſon?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prythee, Huſband, leave her to my Management, and conſider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the *Marquis de Soleil* to meet *Madam de Farde* to Night,——and where to put 'em, unleſs we can have *Buck*'s Apartment—Oh! by the bye, has *Count Cog* ſent you your Share out of Mr. *Puntwell*'s Loſings a *Thurſday?*

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a ſlippery Chap you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handſomely! Ha!——Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her; but ſhe's ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Miniſter.

Mr. Sub. Then ſtrike whilſt the Iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my People; ſend 'em in prythee.

Enter Tradeſmen.

Mr. Sub. So, Gentlemen; Oh! huſh! we are interrupted: If they aſk for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claſſic, *and* Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Maſter *Subtle*, how do'ſt, old Buck, hey? Give's thy Paw! And little *Lucy* how fares it with ſhe? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire? Your Face ſeems a little in Deſhabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy! a ſmall Skirmiſh; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of——; there's *George* and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The *French* are generally civil to ſtrangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall ſeven or eight

eight upon three: Seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole Houſe upon us at laſt.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why nothing at all! But Wounds! how the Powder flew about, and the Monſieurs ſcour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine, laſt Night, *Dick Daylight*, *Bob Breadbaſket*, and I, were walking through one of their *Rues* I think they call them here, they are Streets in *London*; but they have ſuch deviliſh out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them: ſo we ſee Crowds of People going into a Houſe, and *Comedy* paſted over the Door; in we troop'd with the reſt, pay'd our Caſh, and ſat down on the Stage: preſently they had a Dance; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing behind her, ſtood with her Back to a Rail juſt by me: Ecod what does me! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail; ſo when 'twas her Turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapp'd on her Back; 'twas deviliſh comical, but they ſet up ſuch an Uproar, one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to looſe the Woman, turn'd up his Noſe, and call'd me *Bête*; Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old *Marlborough*, I war-

warrant him. Another came up to ſecond him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-baſket, and laid him ſprawling. Then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's *Lucy?* I'll go ſee her.

Claſſ. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. *Subtle* too has collected theſe People, who are to equip you for the converſation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all theſe! What, Mr. *Subtle*, theſe are Mounſeeres too I ſuppoſe?

Mr. Sub. No! Squire, they are *Engliſhmen.* Faſhion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you muſt take up with your own Countrymen here.

Claſſ. It is not in this Inſtance alone we are particular, Mr. *Subtle*; I have obſerv'd many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condeſcend to uſe entirely their native Language here, ſputter nothing but bad *French* in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miſs *Lucy*, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing elſe have I ſeen ſince I loſt Sight of *Dover*; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the Women a Parcel of painted Dolls: their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none

none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you —— Harkee! What are you an *Engliſhman?*

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a Monſter the Monkey has made of himſelf! Sirrah, if your String was long enough, I'd do your buſineſs myſelf, you Dog, to ſink a bold *Briton* into ſuch a ſneaking, ſnivelling——the Raſcal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch theſe twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever ſince he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Claff. Mr. *Buck*, a Compliance with the Cuſtoms of the Country in which we live, where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourſelves.

Mr. Sub. Beſides, Squire, *Lucinda* expects that you ſhould uſher her to public Places, which it would be impoſſible to do in that Dreſs.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I ſhould be glad to ſee that.——No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, ſince theſe Fellows here are *Engliſh*, and it is the Faſhion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Dauphine*, come produce

—Upon

——Upon my Word, in an elegant Taſte, Sir: this Gentleman has had the Honour——

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Eſprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a ſmall Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count *Crib*; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marſhal *Tonerre*, was applauded by Madam la Ducheſs *Rambouillet*, and totally eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and diſpatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you——I don't think it impoſſible to get you acquainted with Madam *de Rambouillet*.

Buck. An't ſhe a Papiſt?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to ſay to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Beſides, all this Country are of the ſame.

Buck. For that Reaſon I don't care how ſoon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as ſoon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je ſuis Peruquier, Monſieur.

Buck. Speak *Engliſh*, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a Periwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt? What are you aſham'd of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a Puppy

Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's ſee your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, ſomething that will do for the preſent: But a Peruque is a different *Ouvrage*, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we muſt conſult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Viſage*, the Form of the Face; for which end, it will be neceſſary to regard your Countenance in different Lights:—— A little to the Right, if you pleaſe.

Buck. Why you Dog, d've think I'll ſubmit to be exerciſed by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monſieur, if you don't, it will be impoſſible to make your Wig *comme il faut.*

Buck. Sirrah, ſpeak another *French* Word, and I'll kick you down ſtairs.

Barb. Gad's Curſe! Would you reſemble ſome of your Countrymen, who, at their firſt Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny Pair of Cheeks, look like a *Saracen*'s Head! Or elſe their Water-gruel Jaws, ſunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-diſh!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, ſubmit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what muſt I do?

[*Places him in a Chair.*

Barb.

Barb. To the Right, Sir; —now to the Left;—now your Full;—and now, Sir, I'll do your Buſineſs.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourſelf a little; ſee what a Revolution this has occaſion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty Figure indeed! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably aſham'd of: I would not be ſeen by *Jack Wildfire* or *Dick Riot* for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dreſs greatly improves you. Your Opinion, Mr. *Claſſic.*

Claſſ. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little Time Mr. *Buck* will be eaſy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneaſy at preſent, Mr. *Subtle.* What muſt I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find *Lucinda* with her, and I'll wait on you preſently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. *Subtle,* I'll out of my Tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well! Well!

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No! No!

Buck. I'll ſhew them the Odds on't! Old *Silver-Tail!* I will! Hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile! over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay! but Mr. *Claſſic* waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impoſſible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace ſhe carry'd me laſt *Chriſtmas* Eve? We unkennell'd at ———.

Mr. Sub. I am buſy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have ſent for my Hounds and Horſes.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They ſhall make the Tour of *Europe* with me: And then there's *Tom Atkins* the Huntſman, the two Whippers-in, and little *Joey* the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a ſtrange Place they'll think this? But no Matter for that; then we ſhall be Company enough of ourſelves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes!——An impertinent Jackanapes! But I ſhall ſoon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you ſee we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, *Dauphine*, I muſt have more than 20 *per Cent.* out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, Mr. *Subtle*, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourſelf, *Dauphine*; don't be a Rogue; did not

not I ſee at Madam *Fripon*'s that Waiſtcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel *Crambo?*

Dauph. As to the Waiſtcoat and Sleeves, I own----but for the Body and Lining ---- may I never ſee——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I muſt, I muſt.

Mr. Sub. Oh! *Solitaire!* I can't pay that Draft of Mr. —— theſe ſix Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je ſuis dans le meme cas——Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Raſcal? About your Buſineſs, or———

[*Exeunt.*

I muſt keep theſe Fellows under, or I ſhall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The *Calais* Letters! my Dear.

Mr. Sub. (reads) Ah! ah! *Calais*---the *Dover* Packet arrived laſt Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound for *Paris* to ſtudy Faſhions; four Citizens come to ſettle here for a Month by way of ſeeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten *French* Valets, with nine Cooks, all from *Newgate*, where they had been ſent for robbing their Maſters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in *September* ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Caſe;

twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkies, and a Litter of Puppies, from Mother *Midnight*'s in the *Haymarket*: A precious Cargo!—*Poſtſcript*. One of the Coaſters is juſt put in, with his Grace the Duke of ——, my Lord —, and an old Gentleman, whoſe Name I can't learn. Gadſo! Well, my Dear, I muſt run, and try to ſecure theſe Cuſtomers; there's no Time to be loſt: Mean while----

Enter Claſſic.

So, Maſter *Claſſic*, what have you left the young Couple together?

Claſſ. They want your Ladyſhip's Preſence, Madam, for a ſhort Tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received ſome Letters which I muſt anſwer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [*Exit.*

Claſſ. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claſſ. I have juſt received a Letter from your old Maſter; he was landed at *Calais*, and will be this Evening at *Paris*. It is abſolutely neceſſary that this Circumſtance ſhould be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpoſe you muſt wait at the *Piccardy* Gate, and deliver a Letter I ſhall give you, nto his own Hand.

Rog.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claſſ. But, *Roger*, be ſecret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claſſ. So, Mr. *Subtle*, I ſee your Aim. A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Miſtreſs a Commode, and the Maſter a---- But who can this Ward be? Poſſibly the neglected Punk of ſome riotous Man of Quality, 'Tis lucky Mr. *Buck*'s Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an inſufficient Match for my Pupil's Obſtinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how diſagreeable a Taſk have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expoſe our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantaſtic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers:

They ſcorn'd to truck, for baſe, unmanly Arts,
Their native Plainneſs, and their honeſt Hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to viſit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Lance.
No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
Paris *they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,*
There Britons *ſaw a* Britiſh Harry *crown'd.*
Far other Views attract our modern Race,
Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades, and Lace;
A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
Rouſe! re-aſſume! refuſe a Gallic *Reign,*
Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never gain.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and* Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maiſter's at a Coffee-houſe next Street, and will tarry till you ſend for 'un.

Claſſ. Bye and bye, in the Duſk, bring him up the back Stairs. You muſt be careful that nobody ſees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claſſ. Let Sir *John* know, that I would wait on him myſelf, but I don't think it ſafe to quit the Houſe an Inſtant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit* Roger.

Claſſ. I ſuppoſe, by this Time, Matters are pretty well ſettled within, and my Abſence only wanted to accompliſh the Scene; but I ſhall take Care to———Oh! Mr. *Subtle* and his Lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Deareſt, I hope you will no longer diſpute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet ſo coy; ſo free, but then ſo reſerv'd: Oh! ſhe has him!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the Fiſh is hook'd; but then ſafely to land him.-----Is *Claſſic* ſuſpicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I obſerve; but the Secret muſt ſoon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore diſpatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He ſhall be treated with a Diſplay of *Lucy*'s Talents; her ſinging, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pſhaw! her ſinging and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, Huſband, half the Force of theſe Accompliſhments in a faſhionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reaſon; ſhe does both well enough to flatter a Fool; eſpecially with Love for her ſecond: Beſides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a ſure Card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A Rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The Language-Maſter: He may be eaſily equipt for the Expedition; a ſecond-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will paſs him on our Countryman for a Marquis; and then, to excuſe his ſpeaking our Language ſo well, he may have been educated early in *England.* But huſh! the Squire approaches; don't ſeem to obſerve him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never ſaw any Thing ſo alter'd ſince I was born: In my Conſcience, I believe ſhe's in Love with him.

Buck. Huſh! [*Aſide.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think ſo?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the Wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, ſprightly Fellow; and, for the Time, ſuch an Improvement! Why he wears his Cloaths as eaſily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at *Paris* theſe twenty Years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three Leſſons from *Marſeil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh! three Months Stay here will render him a perfect Model for the *Engliſh* Court.

Mr. Sub. Gadſo! No wonder then, with theſe Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward; but we muſt take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! diſmiſs your Fears; her Family, good Senſe, and, more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unneceſſary: Beſides, Mr. *Buck* is too much a Man of Honour to ——————

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bleſs me! Sir! you here! I did not expect——

Buck.

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. *Buck* was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have ſome Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You ſee I dare truſt you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may ſafely; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. *Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. *Buck*, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah——but let's ſhut the Door: I was, Madam,——ah! ah! Can't you gueſs what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my Soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impoſſible for me to divine: But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you obſerv'd nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dreſs'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes! Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!----Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpoſe to wait: Write your Mind.

Buck. No! No! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miſs *Lucinda.*

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I ſhould be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bleſs me! What! Mr. *Buck!* And in my Houſe! Oh! Mr. *Buck*, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of ſo much Honeſty, you could go to——ruin the poor Girl.

Buck. Upon my Soul you're miſtaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earlieſt Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So ſweet, ſo lovely an Innocence; her Mind as ſpotleſs as her Perſon.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you ſuppoſe that I would connive at ſuch a——

Buck. The Woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whoſe untainted Reputation the bliſtering Tongue of Slander never blaſted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's ſacred Bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Odds Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whoſe fair Outſide and bewitching Tongue had ſo

far

far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have truſted all my Daughters, nay, myſelf too, ſingly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and ſo you might ſafely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to underſtand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and eaſe me of my Fears.

Buck. Eaſe you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to ſay was, that Miſs *Lucy* was a fine Wench; and if ſhe was as willing as me,——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What Demon—

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if ſhe lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am ſatisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wiſh too much; there are numerous Obſtacles; your Father's Conſent, the Law of the Land,——

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandeſtine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck.

Buck. Damn the Country: In *London* now, a Footman may drive to *May-Fair*, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Counteſs; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconſiderate Couples have indeed gone off Poſt to Proteſtant States; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think ſhe likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, ſhe does.

Buck. Does ſhe, by——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Tranſports.

Buck. Well! But how? She did not, did ſhe! Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her Hour for Muſic and Dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a Peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, *with Singing and Dancing-Maſters.*

Luc. The News, the News, Monſieur *Gamut*; I die, if I have not the firſt Intelligence! What's doing at *Verſailles?* When goes the Court to *Marli?* Does *Rameau* write the next Opera? What ſay the Critics of *Voltaire*'s *Duc de Foix?* Anſwer me all in a Breath!

Buck. A brave-ſpirited Girl! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam.

Gam. The Converſation of the Court your Ladyſhip has engroſs'd, ever ſince you laſt honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well and what freſh Victims? But 'tis impoſſible; the Sunſhine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a *French* Courtier.

Gam. What Injuſtice to your own Charms and our Diſcernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one *Britiſh* Boſom, rule! rule! ye *Paris* Belles! I envy not your Conqueſts.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Huſh!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Gallantry, *Gamut*, and to the Buſineſs of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new inſtrument; 'tis ſo languiſhing and ſo portable, and ſo ſoft and ſo ſilly: But come, for your laſt Leſſon.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are ſo melting, and eaſy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d' Eſſai.*

Gam. Take Care of your Expreſſion; let your Eyes and Addreſs accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear *Gamut*, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

SONG.

I.

PAR un matin Liſette ſe leva,
Et dans un bois ſeulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buiſſon le Roſſignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiſeau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la.

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le careſſa,
Sous ſon mouchoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la.

VI.

Son petit cœur auſſitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne ſçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

Elle s'en va ſe plaindre à ſon Papa,
En lui parlant la belle ſoupira.
Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit deja,
Lui dit je ſçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fertement le lia.
Ta, la, la.

X.

Dans la voliere auſſitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureuſement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce ſecret la.
Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Liſſette il joua.
Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Braviſſimo! My Lady, what was the Song about? [*Aſide to my Lady.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own compoſing.

Buck.

Buck. What, does ſhe make Verſes then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of theſe.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think ſo? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the Muſic-man himſelf.

Luc. Well, Mr. *Gamut*; tolerably well, for ſo young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyſhip's Progreſs will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter, Monſieur *Kitteau.*

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monſieur *Kitteau*, I can't poſſibly take Leſſon this Morning, I am ſo buſy; but if you pleaſe, I'll juſt hobble over a Minuet by way of Exerciſe.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monſieur le Marquis de ——

Luc. Admit him this Inſtant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of *Lucinda*, a *Frenchman* of Faſhion, and vaſt Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll ſoon do his Buſineſs, I'll warrant you.

Enter

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princeſſe!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I ſhall make a Shift to tranſplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Abſence has diſtreſs'd me. Demand of theſe Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and ſing, and drive care to the—-Ha! Monſieur *Kitteau!* have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc. I had juſt given my Hand to *Kitteau* before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reſerved for me. May I flatter myſelf that your Ladyſhip will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck *briſkly. Takes her Hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monſieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monſieur *Ragout*, if you repeat that word *Bête*, I ſhall make you

ſwallow it again, as I did laſt Night one of your Countrymen.

Marq. *Quel Sauvage!*

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can ſpeak very good *Engliſh*, if you will: When you don't, I ſhall take it for granted you're abuſing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Madamoiſelle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he intereſted? Some Relation, I ſuppoſe!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monſieur, what, and I ſuppoſe you preſume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and ſingular Affection, to knock down every Mortal ſhe likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monſieur Roaſt-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; conſider her as ſuch, and don't chuſe to have her ſoil'd by the impertinent Addreſſes of every *French* Fop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounſieur Fricaſſy!

Marq. Fricaſſy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beſeech you, Gentlemen: It ſeems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretenſions; you are the Repreſentatives of your reſpectiv

reſpective Countries: Begin, Marquis, for the Honour of *France*; let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abſtracted from thoſe which I think are pretty viſible; a perpetual Reſidence in this Paradiſe of Pleaſures; to be the Object of univerſal Adoration; to ſay what you pleaſe, go where you will, do what you like, form Faſhions, hate your Huſband, and let him ſee it; indulge your Gallant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! ma Chere! There are Pleaſures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! Theſe are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit. But don't let us conclude too haſtily; hear the other Side: What have you to offer, Mr. *Buck*, in Favour of *England?*

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the ſame Advantages in *London* as at *Paris*, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indiſputable Right to cheat at Cards in Spite of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the ſame; but I thought this Privilege ſo known and univerſal, that 'twas needleſs to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be ſo abandon'd, as to rank amongſt the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Huſband, and the

Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, ſhe may ſtay ſingle for me; for damn me, if I'm a Huſband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Madamoiſelle!

Luc. But ſtay, what have you to offer as Counterbalance for theſe Pleaſures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Gallants uſeleſs, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt neceſſary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a *Briton*; and as I don't perceive that I ſhall have any Uſe for the faſhionable Liberties you propoſe, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. *Buck.*

Buck. Servant, Monſieur.

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the leaſt; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taſte will ſuffer a little; and to ſhew her at once the Difference of her Choice, the Preference, which, if beſtowed on me, would not fail to exaſperate you, I ſupport without murmuring; ſo that Favour, which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politeſſe Françoiſe*, Madam; I have

the

the Honour to be—*Bon Jour, Monſieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit* Marq.

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and ſettle Matters with Mr. *Subtle.*

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *peeping about.*

Rog. The Coaſt is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Maſter *Claſſic.*

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and the Father.*

Claſſ. Roger, watch at the Door. I wiſh, Sir *John*, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no time to loſe in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconſiderate Couple out of the Reach of Purſuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindneſs? You have preſerv'd my Son; you have ſav'd——

Claſſ. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maiſter and the young Woman's coming.

Claſſ. Sir *John*, place yourſelf here, and be a Witneſs how near a Criſis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck *and* Lucinda.

Buck. Pſhaw! What ſignifies her? 'Tis odds whether ſhe'd conſent, from the Fear of my Father. Beſides, ſhe told me, we could never be married here; and ſo pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Poſt-Chaiſe directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. *Buck*, let me have a Moment's Reflection.——What am I about! Contriving in concert with the moſt profligate Couple that ever diſgrac'd human Nature, to impoſe an indigent Orphan on the ſole Repreſentative of a wealthy and honorable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What muſt be the Conſequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Paſſions cool.——I have reſolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a laſting one, we ought not to be over-haſty in our Reſolution.

Buck. Pſhaw! Stuff! When a Thing's reſolv'd, the ſooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is abſolutely reſolv'd, give

give me Leave to beg an Anſwer to two Queſtions.

Buck. Make Haſte then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a ſenſible, civil, handſome, handy Girl, and will make a deviliſh good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. *Subtle* ſays they are both great; but that's no Buſineſs of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generouſly ſaid! My Birth, I believe, won't diſgrace you, but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. *Subtle*, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we loſe Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come.

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pſhaw! 'zooks! this is like ſaying one's Catechiſe.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Conſent neceſſary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obſtinate; but Ecod I am as muliſh as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reaſon enough to make me diſlike her; and I don't think I ſhould be half ſo hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claſſic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakneſs which has hitherto ſuſpended the Correction your abandon'd Libertiniſm has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, diſclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now ſhould give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Paſſions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he ſhould come; but you may thank yourſelf.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw, giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; compleat

compleat your project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young Woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Discovery of the Fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Discovery. The Lady, doubtless, Sir, has other Secrets to disclose; but, as her Cunning reveal'd the first, her Policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectress of my own Honour; in Justice to that, I must demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Customs of this gay Country give Sanction, and stamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc.

Luc. Modeſty!—You ſuſpect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeneſs: Therefore to be plain; from your Reſidence in this Houſe, from your Connection with theſe People, and from the Scheme which my Preſence has interrupted, I have Suſpicions——of what Nature, aſk yourſelf.

Luc. Sir, you have Reaſon, Appearances are againſt me, I confeſs, but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you miſemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be ſoften'd by a Syren Tear, or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir, on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and muſt do me Juſtice.

Claſſ. I am ſure, Madam, Sir *John* will be glad to find his Fears are falſe, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I ſhall but little treſpaſs on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, miſguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earlieſt Infancy, to *France*, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor Remnant of our ſhatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair; I am ſure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepeſt Want; without one hoſpitable Roof to ſhelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me; you muſt, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at leaſt without your Knowledge and Conſent, I hope your Juſtice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plauſible and moving; I hope 'tis true; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. *Buck*'s Father!

Fath.

Fath. I'll take ſome other Time, Sir, to thank you for the laſt Proofs of your Friendſhip to my Family; in the mean Time, be ſo candid as to inſtruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it ſeems, you have choſen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Buck*'s Partner —— I choſe —— I —— I ——

Fath. No Equivocation or Reſerve; your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,---the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of—— I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's?

Mr. Sub. No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I ſuppoſe.

Fath. No Matter, I muſt have it, Sir, from you; here's ſome Myſtery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas *Worthy*.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir *Gilbert*.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redreſs you; and pray, Sir, after the many preſſing Letters you received from

from me, how came this Truth concealed? but I gueſs your Motive. Dry up your Tears, *Lucinda*, at laſt you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd Wretches, who, abuſing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder thoſe ye promiſe to protect.

Luc. Am I then juſtified?

Fath. You are, your Father was my firſt and firmeſt Friend; I mourn'd his Loſs; and long have ſought for thee in vain, *Lucinda*.

Buck. Pray han't I ſome Merit in finding her? She's mine by the Cuſtom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours—Firſt ſtudy to deſerve her; ſhe's mine, Sir, I have juſt redeem'd this valuable Treaſure; and ſhall not truſt it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Diſclaim the Partners of your Riot, poliſh your Manners, reform your Pleaſures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourſelf. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where firſt you ſaw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long Bondage you have ſuffer'd here. I ſuppoſe, Sir, we ſhall have no Difficulty

in

in perſuading you to accompany us; it is not in *France* I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who tranſports a profligate Son to *Paris*, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to thoſe of his own.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a proſperous Day,
I am landed in England, *and now muſt endeavour,*
By ſome Means or other, to curry your Favour.

Of what Uſe to be freed from a Gallic *Subjection,*
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a Britiſh *Protection?*
Without Caſh,---but one Friend---and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a Mind to ſet up ſome Trade.
Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publiſh a Puff
Which won't fail to procure me Cuſtom enough:
" *That a Lady from* Paris *is lately arriv'd,*
" *Who with exquiſite Art has nicely contriv'd*
" *The beſt Paint for the Face,---the beſt Paſte for the Hands,*
" *A Water for Freckles, for Fluſhings, and Tans.*
" *She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,*
" *To liſp---amble---and ſimper---and put on the Red;*
" *To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,*
" *Um---no; that they already know pretty well here.*

" *The Beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a Grace,*
" *The happieſt Shrug,---the neweſt Grimace;*
" *To* parler François,---*fib, flatter, and dance,*
" *Which is very near all that they teach ye in* France.

" *Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole* Engliſh
" *Nation,*
" *But his Roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his Figure ſhe'll faſhion.*
" *The mereſt John Trot in a Week you ſhall zee*
" Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."

What

EPILOGUE.

What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your Gout?
May I hope for Diſciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without Art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain *at Heart.*
Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make;
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence,
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Senſe.

THE AUTHOR;

A

COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by Mr. FOOTE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, No. 77, Fleet-ſtreet; and S. BLADON, Pater-noſter-row. 1782.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their Taſk, who in this critic Age,
With freſh Materials furniſh out the Stage!
Not that our Father's drain'd the comic Store;
Freſh Characters ſpring up as heretofore——
Nature with Novelty does ſtill abound;
On every Side freſh Follies may be found.
But then the Taſte of every Gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
Require's at leaſt—no common Share of Wit.

Thoſe, who adorn the Orb of higher Life,
Demand the lively Rake, or modiſh Wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower Circle move,
Yawn at their Wit, and ſlumber at their Love.
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;
The poliſh'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,
And cries,—"'twill pleaſe the Gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders ſmile?

To daſh the Poet's ineffectual Claim,
And quench his Thirſt for univerſal Fame,
The *Grecian* Fabuliſt, in moral Lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the Writers of this Day.

Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,

PROLOGUE

Purchas'd a Jack-Aſs at a country Fair,
To eaſe their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware:
But as the ſluggiſh Animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his Back wou'd break:
Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the Aſs,
And through the gazing Crowd attempts to paſs;
Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.
" This the Reſpect to reverend Age you ſhew?
" And this the Duty you to Parents owe?
" He beats the Hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
" Sirrah? get down, and let your Father ride."
As *Grecian* Lads were ſeldom void of Grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, reſign'd his Place.
Then a freſh Murmur through the Rabble ran;
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.
" Sure never was brute Beaſt ſo void of Nature!
" Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?
" To your own Baby can you be unkind?
" Here—*Suke*, *Bill*, *Betty*—put the Child behind."
Old *Dapple* next, the Clowns Compaſſion claim'd;
" 'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't aſham'd.
" Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beaſt!
" They might as well have carried he at leaſt."
The Pair, ſtill pliant to the partial Voice,
Diſmount and bear the Aſs—Then what a Noiſe!——
Huzzas—Loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,
From the yet ſilent Sire, theſe Words provoke.
" Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,
" Vain his Attempt, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all!"

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Lady,

And Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Taſk,
And now throw off this aukward, ideot Maſk.
Cou'd we ſuppoſe this Circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe Pleaſures that improve the Mind,
Cou'd from ſuch vulgariſms feel Delight;
Or laugh at Characters, ſo unpolite?
Who come to Plays, to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Not to hear Things that ſhock, or give the Spleen;
Who ſhun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
" Lord! do you know?" ſays Lady *Bell*—" I'm told
" That *Jacky Dapple* got ſo great a Cold
" Laſt *Tueſday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there;
" Not a male Thing to hand one to one's Chair.
" Divine *Mingotti!* what a Swell has ſhe!
" O! Such a Suſtinuto upon B!
" Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in Voice ſhe'll go to C.
" Lord," ſays my Lady *Engliſh*—" here's a Pother!
" Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another."
Her Ladyſhip, half choak'd with London Air,
And brought to Town to ſee the ſights—and ſtare.
" Fine Singing that!---I'm ſure it's more like ſcreaming:
" To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women!
" Oh Barbare!---Inhumana!---Tramontane!——
" Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-Lane*?
" Look, look, my Lord!--She goggles!--Ha, ha, pray be quiet;
" Dear Lady *Bell*, for ſhame! You'll make a Riot.
" Why will they mix with us to make this Rout?
" Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out.
" We'll have a Taſte Act, faith!"---my Lord replied;
" And ſhut out all, that are not qualified."
Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball,
Struck by the Great, then anſwer'd by the Small;
While we, at Times, return it to you all.
A ſkilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1782.

Governor Cape,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Young Cape,	Mr. AIKIN.
Sprightly,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Cadwallader,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Poet,	Mr. WALDRON.
Vamp,	Mr. MOODY.
Printer's Devil,	Mr. BURTON.
Robin,	Mr. CHAPLIN.
Mrs. Cadwallader,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
Miſs Arabella,	Mrs. SHARP.

THE AUTHOR; A COMEDY.

ACT I.

Governor CAPE, and ROBIN.

Governor. AND he believes me dead, *Robin?*

Rob. Moſt certainly.

Gov. You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a diſtant Hint.

Gov. How did he receive the News?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceaſed Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmeſt Acknowledgments to his conceal'd Benefactor; thanked me for my Care, ſigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived ſince?

Rob. Poorly, but honeſtly: To his Pen he owes all his Subſiſtence. I am ſure my Heart bleeds for him: Conſider, Sir, to what Temptations you expoſe him.

Gov. The ſeverer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honeſt Induſtry, the Purchaſe of many Perils, be laviſh'd on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five-and-twenty Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a Profuſion of Debts were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, Sir.

Gov. Fondly.—nay, fooliſhly, or Neceſſity had not compell'd me to ſeek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours, and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he ſhall ſhare my Property; not elſe.

Rob. Conſider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his Education.

Rob. As the World goes, the worſt you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or ſome certain faſhionable Qualities that you would not wiſh your Son to poſſeſs.

Gov. Learning uſeleſs? Impoſſible!—Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the liberal Arts?

Rob. Patron!—The Word has loſt its Uſe; a Guinea Subſcription at the Requeſt of a Lady, whoſe

whoſe Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up——Protectors!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Iſlington* Turnpike in a Month, than upon all the learned Men in *Great Britain* in ſeven Years.

Gov. And yet the Preſs groans with their Productions. How do they all exiſt?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will ſtep to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will ſee.

Gov. But what Apology ſhall we make for the Viſit?

Rob.——That you want the Aid of his Profeſſion; a well penn'd Addreſs now, from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

Scene draws and diſcovers Young CAPE *with the* Printer's DEVIL.

Cape. Prythee go about thy buſineſs—Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the Proof; he ſays as how there are two other Anſwers ready for the Preſs, and if your's don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more Plague with you—There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Tranſlator, never keeps me a Minute—unleſs the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape.

Cape. Why, you little ſooty, ſniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not ſufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your abſurd Maſter, but I muſt be peſter'd with your Impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worſhip every Day in the Year——There's Maſter *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of Lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

Cape. Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this inſtant, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

Devil. I ſhall ſave you the Trouble—Give me the *French* Book that you took the Story from for the laſt Journal.

Cape. Take it——*(throws it at him.)*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you——

Cape. You ſhall have a larger—*(Exit Devil.* 'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are theſe the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expenſive——

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, Maſter paſs'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds*, your Waſher-woman, makes the three half Crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the Table.

Devil. Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you; by

by the Sheepiſhneſs of his Looks, and the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet—Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-'um*, the Gentleman's at Home.

(Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I preſume, is *Cape.*

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon; you are a Gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Caſe, in a Word, is this; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muſes, as you may ſee by their Livery.

Cape. They have not diſcarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Bookſellers, have.——I printed a Collection of Jeſts upon my own Account, and they have ever ſince refuſed to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their Graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Proſe; *Tully*'s Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verſe; two Eſſays on the *Britiſh* Herring Fiſhery, with a large Collection of Rebuſſes; which, if you will diſpoſe of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, ſorry for your Diſtreſs, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuſe to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling or index Way, that you wou'd intruſt to the Care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half Price.

Cape.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at preſent to be uſeful to you; but if this Trifle—

Poet. Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no Means.

Poet. An Eſſay, or an Ode?

Cape. Not a Line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— (*Exit* Poet.

Cape. Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mecænas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*: My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publiſher; *Vamp*, the Bookſeller; and *Index*, the Printer. A moſt noble Triumvirate; and the Raſcals are as proſcriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in Soliloquy, *George?* Reciting ſome of the Pleaſantries, I ſuppoſe, in your new Piece.

Cape. My Diſpoſition has, at preſent, very little of the Vis Comica.

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Survey that Maſs of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhauſtible Mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the ſoft Civility of *Billingſgate*, by a Printer's prime Miniſter, call'd a *Devil*.

Spri. I met the Imp upon the Stairs; but I thought theſe Midwives to the Muſes, were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons.

Cape.

Cape. Our Tyrants, *Tom.* Had I indeed a poſthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luſcious Copper-plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publiſh your own Works?

Cape. What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; ours is one great Myſtery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at preſent.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your Attention to ſome other Object?

Cape. That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

Spri. How have you reſolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at preſent, two Strings to my Bow; if my Comedy ſucceeds, it buys me a Commiſſion; if my Miſtreſs, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am ſettled for Life; but if both my Cords ſnap, adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Muſket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable Paſſion?

Cape. But ſlowly—I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a moſt potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Conſent eſſentially neceſſary——But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every Inſtant. He may, *George*, be uſeful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy is not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

Cape.

Cape. His Sister gave me a Sketch of him last Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finishing.

Cape. Give me the Out-lines.

Spri. He is a Compound of Contrarieties; Pride and Meanness; Folly and Archness: At the same Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a Prince of the Blood, he would not scruple eating a fry'd Sausage at the *Mews-Gate*. There is a Minuteness, now and then, in his Descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable Turns in his Conversation, that are entertaining enough: But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boast of his Birth, compleat his Character,

Cape. But how will a Person of his Pride and Pedigree, relish the Humility of this Apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, *George*, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted Being, odd and whimsical; the Case with all you great Genius's: You love the snug, the Chimney-corner of Life; and retire to this obscure Nook, merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

Cape. Your Servant——But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwallader?*

Spri. Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet: And modestly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himself to the Neglect of his Education—hush! he's on the Stairs ——on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Absence.

Enter

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. *Vamp:* Your Commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a Word, Maſter *Cape*, for your private Ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this Gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way?

Cape. Univerſal.

Vamp. Bleſs me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good Subſcription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden*; an admirable Theologiſt! he ſtudy'd it in *Germany*; if you ſhould want ſuch a Thing now, as ten or a dozen Manuſcript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can ſupply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now; I loſt Money by the laſt I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodiſt; but, I believe, Sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The Manuſcript Sermons you have wrote, and want to diſpoſe of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Maſter *Cape* has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep Council;

Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop ſo long at the Turnſtile, if he did not know how to be ſecret; why, in the Year Forty-five, when I was in the treaſonable Way, I never ſqueak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Conſumption, ſo it never came to a Trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here *(Shews the Side of his Head)* crop'd cloſe!—bare as a Board! —and for nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very ſevere upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, ſo poſitive a Proof of your Secreſy that you may rely upon my Communication.

Vamp. You will be ſafe——but gadſo, we muſt mind Buſineſs, tho'; here, Maſter *Cape*, you muſt provide me with three taking Titles for theſe Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largeſt——

Cape. They ſhall be done.

Vamp. Do ſo, do ſo. Books are like Women, Maſter *Cape*; to ſtrike, they muſt be well-dreſs'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handſome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatiſe thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy?*

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they ſay; he would have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden*'s, or an Epiſtle of *Pope*'s into Latin Verſe in a twinkling; except

Peter

Peter Haſty the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loſs to the Trade as any within my Memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Maſter *Cape;* I thought there was ſomething the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

Spri. Were you a great Loſer by his Death?

Vamp. I can't ſay:——as he had taken to another Courſe of Living, his Execution made a Noiſe; it ſold me ſeven Hundred of his Tranſlations, beſides his laſt dying Speech and Confeſſion; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends in his laſt Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

Cape. You have no farther Commands, Mr. *Vamp?*

Vamp. Not at preſent; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

Spri. Upon what Subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Maſter *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Briſtol*, and the other watering Places: No bad Commodity for the *Weſt-India* Trade neither; let 'em be Novels, Maſter *Cape.*

Cape. You ſhall be certainly ſupply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the Time——but you have over-ſtock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a Paper. We had got a young Cantab for the Eſſays; a pretty Hiſtorian from *Aberdeen;* and an Attorney's

Clerk for the true Intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

Cape. If in that Capacity I can be of any—

Vamp. No, thank you, Maſter *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandſon of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-houſe; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan's* for three Months to underſtand Trade and the Funds; and then I'll ſtart him——no, no, you have enough on your Hands; ſtick to your Buſineſs: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(Exit.

Spri. And I'm ſure thou art a moſt extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

Cape. You ſeem'd deſirous of being acquainted with our Buſineſs, and I knew old *Vamp* wou'd let you more into the Secret in five Minutes, than I cou'd in as many Hours.

(Knocking below, loud.)

Spri. Cape, to your Poſt; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's ſee, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Siſter, as I live.

(Cadwallader *without)*

Pray, by the Bye, han't you a Poet above?

(Without.) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have ſuch an Averſion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars——

Enter

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER *and* ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! *Sprightly!*

Spri. Huſh!

Cad. Hey, what's the Matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwiſting ſome knotty Point; totally abſorb'd!

Cad. Gadſo! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell,* there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a Tragedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a Peep?

Spri. An Earthquake wou'd not rouze him.

Cad. He ſeems in a damn'd Paſſion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas!* nor Prayers, nor Tears, nor ſupplicating Gods ſhall ſave thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the Devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas Immolat, & pœnam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.*

Cad. Damn your Palace; I wiſh I was well out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thouſand Pardons: Ladies, your moſt devoted. You will excuſe me, Sir, but being juſt on the Cataſtrophe of my Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have betray'd me into ſome Indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a Genius himſelf, not to allow for theſe intemperate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye hear, Mr. *What's-your-name?*

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the Bye here, hey! You live deviliſh high; but perhaps you may chuſe that for Exerciſe, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as ſoon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and ſo was reſolv'd to make his Ward no wiſer than himſelf, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourſelf Juſtice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we muſt contradict you, we can't ſuffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader's* literary Acquiſitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, laſt Winter, before I had the Meaſles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian*, *French*, *German*——but I am all unhing'd; all——Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet——ah, but ſhe does not know what that is——a little fooliſh or ſo, but of a very good Family—here *Becky*, Child, won't you aſk Mr. *Cape* to come and ſee you?

Mrs. Cad. As *Dicky* ſays, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at our Houſe, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a Regard for my own Happineſs, Ma'am, to miſs ſo certain an Opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I ſay, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions.

Mrs. Cad.

Mrs. Cad. What does he ſay, our *Bell?*

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater Pleaſure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm ſure that's more his Goodneſs than my Deſert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we ſhou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Siſter *Bell*, and I, at Whiſk and Swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells and ſee what ſhe has got —well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and ſhe'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck?*——is'nt ſhe a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;——hey, *Beck*; he ſays you are as fine a Woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verſes on you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with her, talk any Nonſenſe to her, no Matter what; ſhe's a damn'd Fool, and won't know the Difference—there, go, *Beck*—well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords and Viſcounts and Earls, that take a Dinner with you; now I ſhou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you would invite me at the ſame Time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a Family as the beſt of them, and People of Faſhion ſhou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of Means.

Cad. Hey! ſhould not they ſo? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I ſhou'd take it as a Favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they muſt all have heard of the Antiquity of your Houſe.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

Cad. In the Pantry! What the Devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What ſignifies carrying ſuch a lumb'ring Thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a Fool, *Beck*, why ſuppoſe we ſhould have any Diſputes when we are abroad, about Precedence? how the Devil ſhall we be able to ſettle it? But you ſhall ſee it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Diſpute to—— *(They go apart.)*

Arab. Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Uſe you propoſe——

Cape. The Pleaſure of a more frequent Admiſſion to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a ſtrict intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

Arab. A ſandy Foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obſcurity, or at leaſt Uncertainty, of your Birth, will prove an unſurmountable Bar.

Cad.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are ſo——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Conſider we have but an Inſtant. What Project? What Advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be aſham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profeſſion, you know; ſo that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

Cape. Is this a Seaſon to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr. *Cape.*

Arab. To be ſerious then; if you have any Point to gain with my Brother, your Application muſt be made to his better Part.

Cape. I underſtand you; plough with the Heifer.

Arab. A delicate Alluſion, on my Word; but take this Hint—Amongſt her Paſſions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh; that is her Foible?

Arab. One of them; againſt that Fort you muſt plant your Batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonſenſe Man, and I won't agree to any ſuch Thing: Why what ſignifies a Parliament Man? You make ſuch a Rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the Thing a little, my Dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oafe? I won't reaſon, I hate reaſon, and ſo there's an End on't.

Cad. Why then you are obſtinate ecod, perverſe, hey! But my Dear, now, *Becky*, that's a

good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will ſignify nothing.

Cape. Bleſs me, what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you muſt have been to blame; no inconſiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softneſs of that tender and delicate Mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to ſend our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

Cape. How old is Maſter, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The Intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold; but *Becky*, miſtakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, ſo you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, ſtop her Mouth, hold, hold; the Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever ſeen my *Dicky*?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a ſenſible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Senſe already, than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky*! is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a ſweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you muſt know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Uſe of a School is, hey! egad,

for

for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be uſeful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not ſignify Two-pence.

Cape. Not a Farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our Diſpute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a ſweet Boy, ſhall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius*'s at *Edgware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldeſt Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Doctor *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a Friendſhip with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

Cape. And for which does the Lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the Caſe; ſays I, *Becky*, my Dear; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ Genius*'s, but my Lord *Knap* may take ſuch a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape*?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher*'s who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Maſter *Cape*?

Cape. Why Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Alderman too, you; ſo *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he ſhall ſtick to *Stocks*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Ay let'n; I was ſure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, huſh *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* ſhall ſtep and order the Cook to toſs up a little, nice—Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough—Your Servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in Diſhabille, to offer your Ladyſhip my Hand to your Coach.

Cad. Pſhaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. *and* Arab.

Enter GOVERNOR *and* ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Maſter *Robin*!

Robin. Why, you have a great Levee this Morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay *Robin*, there's no obſcuring extraordinary Talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

Cape. Any Friend of yours: But how can I be ſerviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unſatisfied Mind of Man, no ſooner is one Object poſſeſs'd, but another ſtarts up to——

Cape. A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter; I am a little buſy.

Rob.

Rob. In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is desirous of a little Honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your Pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary Address from his Colony, by Way of praising the Prudence of his Administration, his Justice, Valour, Benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a Person fit for your Purpose. Letters have been always my Passion, and indeed are now my Profession; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Prostitute of Particulars: As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Resentment, or private Pique, so it shall never sacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impose Falshood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refusal gives me more Pleasure, than any Honors your Papers cou'd have procured me.

Spri. Now this Business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs——You dine at *Cadwallader*'s?

Cape. I do.

Spri.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is ſo preſſing, I ſhall be at a loſs to procure Performers. Let's ſee—*Robin* is a ſure Card——A Principal may eaſily be met with, but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourſelf, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more cloſely inſpecting the Conduct of your Son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill ſuit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Intereſt I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent upon my Credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Taſk——

Spri. Moſt happily fitted for it. I ſhou'd not have taken the Liberty—but huſh! He's return'd.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear Friend! the luckieſt Circumſtance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You ſee that Gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*.

Cad. *Wowſky*? Who the Devil is he?

Spri.

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambaſſador from the Cham of the *Calmucks*.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highneſs has juſt ſent me an Invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord, has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra*; in their Language it is *Jablanouſky*.

Cad. Jablanouſky! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that Capacity, I ſhall be glad of the Honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highneſs?

Spri. With Pleaſure.

Cad. My dear Friend, I ſhall take it as the greateſt Favour, the greateſt Obligation——I ſhall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the Devil ſhall I get off with the Poet? You know I have aſk'd him to Dinner.

Spri. Oh, the Occaſion will be Apology ſufficient; beſides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince——what the Devil is his Name?——

Spri. Potowowſki.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been ſo kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanouſky*, wou'd you be ſo good to excuſe—

Cape. By all means; not a Word, I beg.

Cad.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! ſtay, but is there any Ceremony to be uſed with his Highneſs?

Spri. You dine upon Carpets, croſs-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, croſs-legg'd, Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you ſhall teach me.

Spri. And his Highneſs is particularly pleaſed with thoſe amongſt his Gueſts that do honour to his country Soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but ſhould not I dreſs?

Spri. No, there's no Occaſion for it.

Cad. Dear Friend, forgive me; nothing ſhould take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wiſky*. Well, I'll go and ſtudy to ſit croſs-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do ſo.

Cad. His Highneſs *Potowowſky*! This is the luckieſt Accident! *(Exit.*

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin*'s; dreſs up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous Habit; this Gentleman ſhall talk a little Gibberiſh with him. I'll compoſe a Soup of ſome nauſeous Ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuſe, Sir, the Part we have aſſign'd?

Gov. As it ſeems to be but a harmleſs Piece of Mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly!*

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little ſpruce, a little ſmart upon this Occaſion?

Spri.

Spri. No doubt; dreſs, dreſs, Man; no Time is to be loſt.

Cape. Well, but *Jack*, I cannot ſay that at preſent I——

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you ſay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot ſay, that I have any other Garments at Home.

Spri. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite aſhamed, and ſorry.

Spri. That's not ſo obliging, *George*; what, ſorry to give me the greateſt Pleaſure that—— But I have no time for Speeches; I muſt run to get ready my Soup. Come, Gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obſerve, Sir?

Gov. Moſt feelingly! But it will ſoon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; Times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor Proſpect, *Robin!* But this Scheme of Life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what Spirit, with the leaſt Spark of Generoſity, can ſupport a Life of eternal Obligation, and diſagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not conſulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents miſapply'd.

What Proſpect have thoſe Authors to be read,
Whoſe daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

(Exeunt.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

ACT II.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER at Cards.

Mrs. Cad. YOU want four, and I two, and my Deal: Now, Knave noddy ——no, Hearts be Trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you ſtock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—One, two, three; one, two,—hang 'em, they won't ſlip, three. Diamonds——the two: Have your higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's higheſt—and loweſt, by Goſh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cage. Pſhaw, hang Cards; there are other Amuſements better ſuited to a tête-a tête, than any the four Aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What Paſtimes be they?——We ben't enough for Hunt the Whiſtle, nor Blind-Man's Buff: but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin* the Butler. *Dicky* will be here an Bye.

Cape. Hold a Minute. I have a Game to propoſe, where the Preſence of a third Perſon, eſpecially Mr. *Cadwallader*'s, wou'd totally ruin the Sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you gueſs?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; Queſtions and Commands, mayhap.

Cape.

Cape. Not abſolutely that——ſome little Reſemblance; for I am to requeſt, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daiſy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born Days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jeſt or earneſt?

Cape. That is as you pleaſe to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I aſk you Queſtions too?

Cape. Doubtleſs.

Mrs. Cad. Why then do you love Me?

Cape. With all my Soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your Sayſo.

Cape. Upon my Sayſo.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my Heart. This is the rareſt Paſtime!

Cape. But you have not anſwer'd my Queſtion.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why I believe there's no Love loſt.

Cape. So; our Game will ſoon be over; I ſhall be up at a Deal. I wiſh I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. *(Aſide.)*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your Turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too haſty; the Pleaſure of this Play, like Hunting, does not conſiſt in immediately chopping the Prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why firſt I am to ſtart you, then run you a little in View, then loſe you, then un-

ravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to eſcape me.

You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,
I purſue for many a Mile,
You grow tir'd at laſt and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I ſhall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and ſtart me, that I may come the ſooner to quatting—Huſh! here's Siſter; what the Deuce brought her? *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, Mr. *Poet*.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your Mantua-maker, with your new Sack, Siſter.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have ſtay'd I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am ſorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if ſhe be'nt jealous of Mr. *Poet*; but I'll liſten, and ſee the End on't, I'm reſolved. *(Aſide and Exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

Cape. It was a very ſeaſonable one, I promiſe you; had you ſtay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Conſequence.

Arab. No Danger to your Perſon, I hope.

Cape.

Cape. Some little Attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly reſiſted.

Cape. Why, conſider, my dear *Bell*; tho' your Siſter is a Fool, ſhe is a fine Woman, and Fleſh is frail.

Arab. Dear *Bell!* And Fleſh is frail! We are grown ſtrangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what Corner ſits the Wind now?

Arab. Where it may poſſibly blow ſtrong enough to overſet your Hopes.

Cape. That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging Madam; but pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

Arab. Aſk your own guilty Conſcience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myſelf, this little Paſſion wou'd be no bad Preſage.

Arab. You may prove a falſe Prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—But to deſcend to a little common Senſe; what Part of my Conduct——

Arab. Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unneceſſary: I have been lucky enough to diſcover your Diſpoſition before it is too late; and ſo you know there's no Occaſion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my Siſter will be back immediately; I ſuppoſe my Preſence will only—But conſider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour——

Cape. Which is as ſafe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Cloſet: But ſurely, Madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your Directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a Suppoſition that——but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to proteſt——

Cape. That I loved you; and what Reaſon have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance.

Cape. An aſſumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? *(Aſide, liſtening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my Conſtancy, you muſt have a better Opinion of my Underſtanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. *(Aſide.*

Cape. What an Ideot, a Driveller! no Conſideration upon Earth, but my paving the Way to the Poſſeſſion of you, could have prevail'd upon me to ſupport her Folly a Minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not ſuch a Fool as you think for, Man; but here will be *Dicky* preſently, he ſhall hear of your Tricks, he ſhall: I'll let him know what a pretty Perſon he has got in his Houſe.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the Mercy of the Enemy: My Brother's Temper is ſo odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll ſee this.

Mrs. Cad.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we ſhall hear what he'll ſay to you, Madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY *and* ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his Royal Highneſs mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred Gentleman——but damn his Soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Meſs to be his Maſter's prime Miniſter; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been ſitting theſe two Hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a Herring.

Cape. Your Dinner diſpleas'd you?

Cad. Diſpleas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you ſhall never perſuade me to be a *Hobblinwiſky* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himſelf. Hey! and what a damn'd Language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you ſpeak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long reſident in the Country.

Cad. May be ſo, but he ſeems to ſpeak it better; you have a foreign kind of an Accent, you don't ſound it through the Noſe ſo well as he. Hey! well *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape?*

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine Doings ſince you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the Storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I think.

Cad. The Devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which Way?

Mrs. Cad. Why ſome on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell, but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido?*

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye ſee, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Abſence.

Cape. But, Sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know ſhe is but a fooliſh Woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me; who am but a fooliſh Woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky*! And for a Man of your Parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is juſt as if the *Grand Signor*, at the Head of his Janiſaries, was to kick a Chimney-ſweeper.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you ſay, *Dicky*; what, be I like a Chimney-ſweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, *Beck*; hey! no: That's only by Way of Simile, to let him ſee I underſtand your Tropes, and Figures, as well as himſelf, egad! and therefore———

Spri. Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the firſt Poet I ever had in my Houſe, except the Bellman for a Chriſtmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am reſolved he ſhall be the laſt.

Spri. I have but one Way to ſilence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I muſt tell him; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation; any abuſe of your Goodneſs, any Breach of Hoſpitality here, he is anſwerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, ſo he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful Monſter! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roaſt Fowl and Sauſages, as ever came to a Table.

Cad. Huſh, *Beck*, huſh!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other Object, but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a Man, perhaps, poſſeſs'd of a Genius ſuperior to your own——

Cad. If I had had a Univerſity Education—

Spri. And of a Family as old as the Creation.

Cad. Older; *Beck*, fetch the Pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this Gentleman; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your Paſſport, your Security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myſelf, if I had not had the Meaſles laſt Winter; but ſtay till I get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's ſure of a Protection here, the Preſence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pſhaw, Pox! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No Excuſe? No Palliation?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no Tribulation? It's a Shame, ſo it is.

Cape. When I have leave to ſpeak——

Cad. Speak! what the Devil can you ſay?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And firſt to you Mr. *Sprightly*, as you ſeen moſt intereſted; pray does this Charge correſpond with any other Action of my Life, ſince I have had the honour to know you?—

Spri. Indeed, I can't ſay that I recollect, but ſtill as the Scholiaſts ſays — *Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to ſay, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By Goſh! and ſo it is.

Cad. Ecod, and ſo it is: Speak a little more *Latin* to him; if I had been bred at the Univerſity, you ſhou'd have it both Sides of your Ears.

Cape.

Cape. A little Patience, Gentlemen; now, to you; you were pleaſed yourſelf to drop a few Hints of your Lady's Weakneſs; might not ſhe take too ſeriouſly, what was meant as a mere Matter of Merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry Excuſe; can any Woman be ſuch a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Deſign upon her Perſon?

Cad. Anſwer that Mr. *Cape*, hey! Anſwer that.

Cape. I can only anſwer for the Innocency of my own Intentions; may not your Lady, apprehenſive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of deſtroying the Connexion——

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, Connexion.

Spri. There's ſomething in that——

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right——You're right, Mr. *Cape*; hold, *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil cou'd you be ſo wicked, hey! Child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedneſs to attempt to deſtroy the Connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you ſay.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an Incendiary, but you have miſs'd your Point; the Connexion ſhall be only the ſtronger: My dear Friend, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, I was too haſty; but ecod, *Becky*'s to blame.

Cape. The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impreſſion.

Cad. There's a good-natured Creature!

Cape.

Cape. But if you have the leaſt Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Siſter, I believe, will do me the Juſtice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, aſk my Fellow, if I be a Thief.

Cad. What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how; what the Devil, ſhe did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, Fooliſh, but you are always running on with your Riggmonrowles, and won't ſtay to hear a Body's Story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, firſt he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

Cad. A Hare! hold, ecod, that was whimſical; a Hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be becauſe he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Beck*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, ſo I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your Tongue then: And ſo there he was going on with his Nonſenſe, and ſo in come our *Bell*; and ſo——

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out your So's; its a low——hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on, when you ſtop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him, and me-

methought ſhe looked very frumpiſh and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And ſo I went out and liſten'd.

Cad. So, what you ſtaid and liſten'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my ſtaying, ſhe went out; no——upon my going out, ſhe ſtaid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck.*

Mrs. Cad. And then at firſt ſhe ſcolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he ſaid as how ſhe adviſed him to it; and then ſhe ſaid no; and then he ſaid——

Cad. Hold, hold; we ſhall never underſtand all theſe He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be ſaved, thou art the worſt Teller of a Story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a Word more; and then he ſaid as how I was a great Fool.

Cad. Not much miſtaken in that. *(Aſide.)*

Mrs. Cad. And that he wou'd not have ſtay'd with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Poſſeſſion of She.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. Cad. And ſo——that's all.

Cad. Make Love to Her, in Order to get Poſſeſſion of You?

Mrs. Cad. Love to Me, in order to get She.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to underſtand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell?* Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to ſmoke, hey! Mr. *Cape?*

Cape. How ſhall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a Reaſon.

Cad.

Cad. Well, what ſay you, Mr. *Cape?* Let's have it, without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reſervation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell.*

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

Cape. With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Conſent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my Conſent to marry You?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what our *Bell?* To mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the Puddle of a Poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr.——

Cad. A ſcribbling, hold, hold, hold——Garretteer? that has no more Cloaths than Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes to his Feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The Offspring of a Dunghill! Born in a Cellar, hold, hold, and living in a Garret; a Fungus, a Muſhroom.

Cape. Sir, my Family——

Cad. Your Family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter,* fetch the Pedigree; I'll ſhew you——Your Family! a little obſcure——hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.

Enter

Enter PETER *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there; *Peter*, help me to ſtretch it out: There's ſeven Yards more of Lineals, beſides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office; d'ye ſee, Mr. *Sprightly?*

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambaſſadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a Serjeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing Deſcent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, louſy Son of a Shoe-maker, to talk of Families —hold, hold, get out of my Houſe.

Rob. Now is your Time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to diſcloſe, that may make you alter your Intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. *Interpreter?*

Gov. You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and conſider him as my Son.

Cape. Your Son, Sir?

Gov. In a Moment, *George*, the Myſteries ſhall be explain'd.

Cad. Your Son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the Scribbler, the Muſhroom you have deſcribed, but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

Cad.

Cad. What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me! A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

Gov. A Teacher of Languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monſieurs and Marquiſſes!

Spri. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Noſe for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and Change for half a Crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Chriſtmas for the Diverſion of Children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuſe your Behaviour to this Gentleman, but your miſtaking his Perſon.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a Miſtake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and, by a long Reſidence in the Monarch's Country, is perfect Maſter of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemiſh'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our moſt conſiderable Settlements.

Cad.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you Father to——hey!——

Gov. By marrying his Mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a ſolemn Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education, was no other than myſelf; I had my Reaſons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they ceaſe, and I am proud to own my Son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me *(kneeling.)* but if Gratitude, Duty filial——

Gov. Riſe, my Boy; I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my Toil; the Reſt of my Story ſhall be reſerved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good ſenſible old Fellow this; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. *Governor*, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir you have in your Power ſufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By beſtowing your Siſter, with, I flatter myſelf, no great Violence to her Inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell?* Hey! Hold, hold; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I ſhan't diſobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himſelf; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your Hands both; *(Joins their Hands.)* There, there, the Buſineſs is done: And now, Brother *Governor*——

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

Cad. Hey, *Beck!* Here's ſomething new for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the *Governor* to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e, Mr. *Governor*, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you ſhall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck*.

Spri. Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your diſintereſted Friendſhip, I ſhall be ſorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over, and my Wiſhes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by Affluence, as he has been untempted by Diſtreſs, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

(Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

THE

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BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A FARCE.

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PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN

By *Mr. FOOTE.*

OF all the paſſions that poſſeſs mankind,
The love of novelty rules moſt the mind,
In ſearch of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From Lybia's deſerts hoſtile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves ſkip here from France,
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our Britiſh breaſts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputions———Gulliver,
Not only objects that affect the ſight,
In foreign arts and artiſts we delight,
Near to that ſpot where Charles beſtrides a horſe,
In humble proſe the place is Charing Croſs;
Cloſe by the margin of a kennel's ſide,
A dirty diſmal entry opens wide,
There with hoarſe voice, check ſhirt, and callous hand,
Duff's *Indian Engliſh trader takes his ſtand,*
Surveys each paſſenger with curious eyes,
And ruſtic Roger *falls an eaſy prize;*
Here's China porcelain that Chelſea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton *came,*
And Spaniſh tucks and blades from Birmingham,
Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
And Engliſh goods are ſmuggled thro' the ſtreet.
The rude to poliſh, and the fair to pleaſe,
The hero of to-night has croſs'd the ſeas,

Tho' to be born a Briton *be his crime,*
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck *begs leave once more to come before ye,*
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN

By *Mrs. BELLAMY.*

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town.
An Epilogue *is deem'd the ſureſt way*
To atone for all the errors of the play;
Thus when pathetic ſtrains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your eye,
With equal reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene *ſhould ſend you ſniveling off:*
But our Bard, unequal to the taſk,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the maſk:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home to-night,
And harmleſs mirth by honeſt means excite;
Scorning with luſcious phraſe or double ſenſe,
To raiſe a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method ſhall we chooſe your taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind ſouls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal phalanx, *call'd* The Town:
In full aſſembly weighs our author's fate,
And Surly *thus commences the debate:*
Pray, among friends, does not this poiſoning ſcene
The ſacred rights of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my ſoul!
Then Buck *cries,* Billy, *can it be in nature?*
Not the leaſt likeneſs in a ſingle feature.

My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on Friday *night and have a hiss.*
To this a peruquier assents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In such distress what can the poet do?
Where seek for shelter when those foes pursue?
He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

Dramatis Personæ.

At *COVENT-GARDEN.*

BUCK	Mr. *Foote.*
CRAB	Mr. *Sparks.*
LORD JOHN	Mr. *White.*
MACRUTHEN	Mr. *Shuter.*
RACKET	Mr. *Cushing.*
TALLYHOE	Mr. *Castallo.*
LATITAT	Mr. *Dunstall.*
SERGEON	Mr. *Wignel.*
LUCINDA	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT I.

Crab *discovered reading.*

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, *esq. of* St. Martin in the Fields, *executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward* Lucinda; *and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.*

John Buck.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Latitat,* of *Staple's Inn.*

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

Enter Latitat, *with a bag, &c.*

Lat. I would, Mr. *Crab,* have attended your ſummons immediately, but I was obliged to ſign judgment in error at the Common Pleas; ſue out of the Exchequer a writ of *quæ minus,* and ſurrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *ſci fa,* to diſcharge the bail.

Crab. Prithee, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me in the language of common ſenſe, and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab,* as you are already poſſeſſed of a *probat,* and letters of adminiſtration *de bonis* are granted, you may ſue, or, be ſued; I hold it ſound doctrine for no executor to diſcharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, ſir, are of various kinds, there are ſpecial actions, actions on the caſe, or *aſſumpſit's,* actions of trover, actions of *clauſum fregit,* actions of battery, actions of——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But kark'ee, *Latitat,* why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in *Engliſh.*

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab.*

Crab. And what do you call all this ſtuff, ha!

Lat. Engliſh.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. *Crab.* For as Lord *Coke* deſcribes the common law, to be the perfection——

Crab.

Crab. So, here's a freſh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impoſſible to underſtand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. *Brief*'s chambers, why, if you have any thing to ſay, he will tranſlate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, ſir, and tranſlate, ſir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in *Weſtminſter Hall*, gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reaſon I have referred you to a man who never goes into *Weſtminſter Hall.*

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr. *Crab.*

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr. *Latitat.*

Lat. Why, ſir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, ſir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory miniſters; nor ſhould any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal.* I had rather loſe a cauſe, than conteſt it. And had not this old, doating dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, Bedlam ſhould ſooner have had me, than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, ſir, I am provoked, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may chooſe for you; I wiſh I was your *prochain ami*: but I am under ſome doubts as to the ſanity of the teſtator, otherwiſe he could not have choſen for his executor, under the ſanction of the law, a perſon who deſpiſes the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *ſine qua non*, the *ne plus ultra* ———

Crab. Mercy, good ſix and eight-pence.

Lat.

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the ſtatute common and cuſtomary, or as *Plowden* claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, conſulta ſenatus,
Hæc tria jus ſtatuunt terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, ſir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own houſe?

Lat. Sir, a man's houſe is his *caſtellum*, his caſtle; and ſo tender is the law of any infringement of that ſacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandeſtinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, ſir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, ſir——The parties, he ſays, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr. *Crab*, the nature of a burglary, as it has been deſcribed by a late ſtatute.

Crab. Zounds, ſir, I have not the leaſt curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman ſhould know——

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your clients——

Lat. O, they may ſtay. I ſhan't take up five minutes, ſir——A burglary——

Crab. Not an inſtant.

Lat. By the common law.——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clauſum fregit.*

Crab. Dear ſir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par——

Crab.

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, ſir, get out of my houſe.

Serv. Your clients, ſir ———

Crab. Puſh him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, raſcal, if you ſuffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very minute.—[*Exit Serv.*]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young maſter's travelling tutor, ſir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the blockhead of a baronet is cloſe at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumſy curate of the knight's own pariſh church, or ſome needy highlander, the out-caſt of his country, who, with the pride of a *German* baron, the poverty of a *French* marquis, the addreſs of a *Swiſs* ſoldier, and the learning of an academy uſher, is to give our heir apparent politeneſs, taſte, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am your devoted ſervant.

Crab. Oh, a *Britiſh* child, by the meſs.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. *Buchanan's* hiſtory, *Lauder* againſt *Melton*, and two pound of high-dried *Glaſgow*.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles?* I left him at *Calais*, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maiſter *Crab?* In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd gueſs at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of *St. Germains*, ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall amuſement of our very good friends the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I ſuppoſe he's a perfect maſter of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maiſter of the accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wiſh, allowing for the ſallies of juvenility; and muſt take the vanity to myſelf of being, in a great meaſure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he muſt be a finiſhed piece.

Mac. You are pleaſed to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I ſuppoſe you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your ſervice.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable diſpoſition.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it would be wrong to ſour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maiſter *Crab.*

Crab. Oh, by no means, Maſter *Macruthen*; all your buſineſs was to keep him out of 'frays; to take care, for the ſake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his miſtreſſes as they ſhould be. You pimp'd for him I ſuppoſe?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To ſuppoſe the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threſhold of ten thouſand pounds a year?

Mac. Why, to be ſure great allowances muſt be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I ſee, Maiſter *Crab*, you know mankind. you are Sir *John Buck*'s executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be uſeful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the caſh: and I caw make a ſhift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And ſo between us both, we may contrive to eaſe him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own uſe. You do know how.

Mac.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable villain! Under the roof, and in the preſence, of thy benefactor's repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didſt thou derive a hope of my compliance with ſuch a helliſh ſcheme?

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am of a nation——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predeceſſors, in preference to its proper ſubjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be ſure——

Crab. And one happineſs it is, that though national glory can beam a brightneſs on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a diſgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and confuſion choak thy utterance. Avoid my ſight. Vaniſh!—[*Exit Mac.*]—A fine fellow this, to protect the perſon, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the deſires of an unbridled boy! But can it be ſtrange, whilſt the parent negligently accepts a ſuperficial recommendation to ſo important a truſt, that the perſon whoſe wants perhaps, more than his abilities make deſirous of it, ſhould conſider the youth as a kind of property, and not conſider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future ſordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's preſent

preſent prevailing paſſions? But vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there!—[*Enter Serv.*]—Raſcal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Freſh inſtances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my deteſtation of mankind. This turn may be term'd miſantrophy; and imputed to chagrin and diſappointment. But it can only be by thoſe fools, who, through ſoftneſs or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I ſuppoſe your ſpirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual diſcernment, ſir, you would diſtinguiſh, in my countenance, an expreſſion very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr. *Crab*, might aſſign a more generous motive for my diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! a pretty, poetical phraſe. What motive canſt thou have for diſtreſs? Has not Sir *John Buck's* death aſſured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpleſs, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the ſex: the objects of every woman's wiſh are property and power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding poſt to put on your chains.

Luc.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that ſubject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm recommendation of your deceaſed friend, would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and contempt have long ſhut theſe gates againſt flattery and diſſimulation. You have no ſex for me. Without preface, ſpeak your purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck?*

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why where could you mend yourſelf? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter* Servant]—Who ſent for you, ſir?

Ser. Sir, my young maſter's poſt-chaiſe is broke down, at the corner of the ſtreet, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he ſwears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaiſe to the coach-maker's, his coat to a ſcowerer's, and him before a juſtice. —— Prithee why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhould?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a maſk; if you are obedient, I may yet ſet you right.

Luc.

Luc. I ſhall, with pleaſure, follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what *Paris* has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois, *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, *mi Lor, jernie,* it is not to be ſupported! —— after being *rompu tout vif,* disjointed by that execrable *pavé,* to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of ſea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. *J.* An accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles.*

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *canaille,* that murtherous mob, with the barbarous—— Monſieur in the mud, huzza! Ah, *pais ſauvage, barbare, inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *qu'eſt ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maiſter *Crab,* your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monſieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac,* my Lor, *mort de ma vie,* the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the *French* comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur-Jack-Roaſt-beef,* ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, ſeen any thing ſo, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many ſpectators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I would not have the public curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a country ſo fond of ſtrange ſights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my perſon would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very groteſque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. *J.* The reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular cuſtoms of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. *J.* Becauſe in this caſe it is impoſſible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and cuſtoms which climate, conſtitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be tranſplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome glimmerings of common-ſenſe about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you ſtumble upon this blockhead?—[*to* Buck]—I ſuppoſe the line of your underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the depth of your companion's reaſoning.

Buck. My dear. [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay, you can draw no concluſion from the above premiſes.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premiſes, and conciuſions too. But this I conclude from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the *French* are the firſt people

people in the univerſe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whoſoever would either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec elegance*, muſt go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And theſe precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: and with the aid of theſe brother miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proſelytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my houſehold, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you ſuppoſe we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a diſagreeable viſiter; for politeneſs in introducing a miſtreſs, acuteneſs in diſcerning, and conſtancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the *Cantons*.

Crab. Aſtoniſhing qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, *Monſieur Crab*, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the diſpoſition of a deſert, *Paris* never ſaw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his ſtipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, ſir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public ſpirit muſt you have, to drain your purſe, mortify your inclination, and expoſe your perſon, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at preſent I had another reaſon for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of ſome little fracas between us. But, upon my ſoul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility ſhewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly profeſſions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendſhip, you booby! Yes, their civility at *Paris*, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendſhip to your

your nation leave it a foot of land in the univerſe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a ſtrange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you miſtake this thing egregiouſly. But all you *Engliſh* are conſtitutionally ſullen.—November fogs, with ſalt boil'd beef, are moſt curſed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehenſion. *Paris* is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et ſans ſes deſirs, un cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now would not any ſoul ſuppoſe that this yelping hound had a real reliſh for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural ſuppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary ſpot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the diſpute between that ſource of delights, *ce paradis de plaiſir*, and this cave of care, this ſeat of ſcurvy and the ſpleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter *Crab* has met with his match.

Buck. And firſt for the great pleaſure of life, the pleaſure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The eaſe, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perciflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chanſons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I paſs'd *chez madame la ducheſſe de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it poſſible

for a woman of her rank, to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac.*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to ſay truth, the whole city of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the point in view. Now, *Monſieur Crab,* let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy miſtreſs is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, ſhe is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horſe. Next proceeds the maſter, to marſhal the gueſts, in which as much caution is neceſſary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, ſit here," and, "Sir *Thomas,* ſit "there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have deſtroyed all apprehenſions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir *Charles* was a phœnomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn ſilence, they proceed to demoliſh the ſubſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional interruption, of, "Here's to you, "friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and "mine." Pork ſucceeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curteſy, and departs; leaving the jovial hoſt, with his ſprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monſieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thouſand pities that your father is not a living witneſs of theſe prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai. But *à propos,* he is dead, as you ſay, and you are———

Crab.

Crab. Againſt my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my taſk will ſoon determine. One article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoined to ſee performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! *& comment.*—

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But could we not have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable garb, upon a firſt viſit to your miſtreſs?

Crab. Oh, ſuch a figure and addreſs can derive no advantage from dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* hint may not be ſo *mal à propos. Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, ſhall I treſpaſs upon your patience? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. *Mac*, diſpoſe of my domeſtics *à leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe remarks I made in my laſt voyage from *Fontainbleau* to *Compeigne.*

Serviteur, Meſſieurs;
Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [Exit.

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the word, and the conſequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain perſons and principles of old *England*, are ſo confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have loſt all our ancient characteriſtic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. *J.* Do you ſuppoſe then, ſir, that no good may be obtained ———

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained?

Ld. *J.* I ſhould be ſorry my acquiſitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, ſir, the ſhaking off ſome native qualities, and the being made more ſenſible, from compariſon of certain national and conſtitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable ſide, young man: but how frequently are ſubſtituted for national prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable laws of nature; he is a traitor to the community, where providence has placed him; and ſhould be denied thoſe ſocial benefits he has rendered himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. *J.* I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too ſoon received. I ſincerely thank you, ſir, for this communication, and ſhould be happy to have always near me ſo moral a monitor.

Crab.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may aſk him after your *French* acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, ſir, you have had but a diſagreeable *tête-à-tête.*

Ld. *J.* Juſt the contrary, madam. By good ſenſe, tinged with ſingularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab*'s manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be diſobliged by his ſincerity.

Ld. *J.* This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who muſt have received her firſt impreſſions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-ſex. But good ſenſe can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I poſſeſs, was taught me by a very ſevere miſtreſs, adverſity. But you, ſir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck,* not to have known my ſituation.

Ld. *J.* I have heard your ſtory, madam, before I had the honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting; you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes intereſting. However, it is impoſſible I ſhould

ſhould not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thouſand unforeſeen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. *J.* Could I hope, madam, your preſent critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I ſhould take the liberty to preſume, if the ſuit of Sir *Charles* be rejected——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngſter! what I ſuppoſe you are already practiſing one of your foreign leſſons. Perverting the affections of a friend's miſtreſs, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at preſent you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—[*Exit.* Ld. *J.*]—I would ſpeak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I ſhall attend you, ſir. Never was ſo unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wiſh of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to ſacrifice all my future peace? But reaſon not, raſh girl; obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the taſk, be it my part to prove
That ſometimes duty can give laws to love.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

Buck *at his Toilet, attended by three* Valets de Chambre *and* Macruthen.

Mac. NOtwithſtanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether Maiſter *Crab* is ſo honeſt a man.

Buck. Prithee, *Mac*, name not the monſter. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the ſhire repreſents 'em all.

Did ever mortal ſee ſuch *mirroirs*, ſuch looking-glaſs as they have here too! One might as well addreſs oneſelf, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. Eh bien, Mac, miſerable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[*Enter* Ld. *John*]—My dear Lord, *je demande mille pardons*, but the terrible fracas in my chaiſe has ſo *gâtéed* and diſordered my hair, that it required an age to adjuſt it.

Ld. *J.* No apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual lady that's ſoon to make you a happy huſband.

Buck.

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded *ensemble!* In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy —Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. *J.* The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. *J.* It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket *and* Tallyhoe *without.*

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier, votre très humble ſerviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez vous? Don't you underſtand *French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think, Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the papiſtes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me periſh, *Racket*, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we uſed to read of at ſchool, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; and that they have turned him into a beaſt.

Rack. A beaſt! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the woodcocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us ſee what the devil he has put upon his pole, Sir *Toby*.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your diſtance.

Tally. Nay, fore George we will have a ſcrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a ſcrutiny.

Buck. En grace. La Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from theſe pyrates.

Ld. *J.* A little compaſſion, I beg, gentlemen. Conſider, Sir *Charles* is on a viſit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box. *Racket*, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverſe of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are theſe fellows, paſtry-cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accompliſhments, letting your miſtreſs languiſh for a——but you have company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But ſee if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. *J.* Now's your time, ſteal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-ſettle my *cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my l or.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, ſtole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpoſe. You muſt know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-houſe, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would ſwoon at the ſight of a cudgel.

Ld. *J.* Pray, ſir, what is your cauſe of contention?

Tally. Cauſe of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket.

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. *J.* I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May hap you are a friend to the *French.*

Ld. *J.* Not I, indeed ſir. But if the occaſion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a well-wiſher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll ſplit your ſides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter, than ever they have done ſince the battle of *Blenheim.* Come along, *Racket.* [*Exit.*

Ld. *J.* Was there ever ſuch a contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are ſcions from the ſame ſtock, ſet in different ſoils. The firſt ſhrub, you ſee, flowers moſt prodigally, but matures nothing; the laſt ſlip, tho' ſtunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a Servant.*

Luc. When Mr. *Crab,* or Sir *Charles,* enquire for me; you will conduct them hither —[*Exit. Serv.*] —How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the iſſue; but ſtill, in my circumſtances, a ſtate of ſuſpence is, of all ſituations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Macruthen*, Ld. *John*, and *Crab*.

Buck. *Mac*, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Buck. *Très humble ſe viteur*. *Et comment ſe porte Mademoiſelle*. I am raviſhed to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde*.—*Eh bien*, *ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dreſs'd you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total abſence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from *Deffreney* the day of my departure; ſhall I have the honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, ſir, but I confeſs myſelf a convert to the chaſte cuſtoms of this country, and, with a commercial people, you known, ſir *Charles*, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the point, *ma chere*. A proper proportion of red, is an indiſpenſible part of your dreſs; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the firſt, would make very little difficulty in pulling of the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur *Crab*'s judgment muſt be deciſive in dreſs. Well, and what amuſements, what ſpectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no diſtreſs for diverſions. We have an opera.

Buck.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, chaſſé brillant ſoleil,*

Brillant ſoleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's muſic and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their compoſition, and ridiculous in their repreſentation.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the controverſy; but, ſurely *Shakſpeare*—My Lord, this ſubject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the *Chineſe Orphan*, in the preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal works of *Shakſpeare* monſtrous farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great maſter of the paſſions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What could it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater ſecurity.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a ſpirited expreſſion, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are impoſed upon, child; the *Lequeſne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gauſſen*, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myſelf wrote a tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En verité, upon *Voltaire*'s plan.

Crab. That muſt be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the *French* comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gauſſen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat!* What a burſt will it make in the parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuſes the perſon of the princeſs of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the king.

Ma chere princeſs, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme diſtreſs.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which ſhe in a fury]

Monſtre

Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!

[Then he]

Penſez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, ſont les mêmes choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. *J.* Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's paſſion and poetry, and reaſon and rhime. Oh how I deteſt blood, and blank verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the rich rhimes of the *theatre François!*

Ld. *J.* I did not know Sir *Charles* was ſo totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taſte, I am every night at the *Caffé* Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curſt country, I make no doubt but you would have ſeen my name among the foremoſt of the *French* academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impoſſible. From the barbarity of my education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En verité?

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

* A coffee-houſe oppoſite the French comedy, where the wits aſſemble every evening.

Crab. But common juſtice.

Mac. Nay, maiſter *Crab* is in the right, for I have often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that gentleman can be *Britiſh ?*

Buck. Obliging creatures ! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me !

Crab. Egregious puppy ! But we loſe time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No ; I read no *Engliſh.* When *Mac* has turned it into *French,* I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *eclairciſſement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur *Crab,* my Lor, *Mac.*

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit.*

Buck. A comfortable ſcrape I am in ! What the deuce am I to do ? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty employment !

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that *Crab, ma petite.* But, *à propos,* How d'ye like my Lord.

Luc. He ſeems to have good ſenſe and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign kind of air about him ?

Luc. Foreign ?

Buck. Aye, ſomething ſo *Engliſh* in his manner.

Luc.

Luc. Foreign, and *Engliſh!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the eaſe, the *je ne ſçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles?*

Buck. Why, *je penſe, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praiſe, that he had already ſummoned the garriſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the alluſion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitleſs ſiege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot againſt the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of ſome men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the miſchief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their eſtates, to lateſt poſterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you ſon, compel me to inſiſt, that in my

preſence, at leaſt, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! ſo ſoon to trample on his aſhes, whoſe fond heart, the greateſt load of his laſt hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one ſacred relation, regard another? Can the monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence thoſe who gave him being?——impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine ſoliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and ſo concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are to quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the conſequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt inclination to do.

Luc. No, ſir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my averſion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis'*.

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that diſpute; the law——

Buck.

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. O, sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle,* I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant;* tho' I have an irresistable antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbee.* And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing: Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connection!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery dreſs, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dreſs, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a diſgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I ſhould have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquiſitions; *c'eſt-à-dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *ſang froid*, without a ſingle emotion, ſupport all this ſtorm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle.* And when a cool hour of reflection has made you ſenſible of the propriety of my propoſals, I ſhall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad ſhe would make an admirable actreſs. If I once get her to *Paris*, ſhe ſhall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am aſhamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr. *Crab*——

Enter

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, madam, ſilent witneſſes to this ſhameful ſcene. I bluſh that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, ſhould be in his morals ſo much below.—

Crab. Prithee why didſt thou not call thy maids, and toſs the booby in a blanket?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*—

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I gueſs at your generous deſign; but my temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. *J.* No apology. You honour me, madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy ſcheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the puppy ſeverely puniſhed, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe things on the table, a chair on each ſide: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.*

[*Exit* Lettice.

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe would come to; but, I confeſs not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* ſee me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir *Charles.* I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into ſome expreſſions not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage;* I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have ſome thoughts of giving it a faſhion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme ſervice to the ladies this ſide the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuſes a kind of ſpirit of converſation, and that—

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.—But what has occaſioned me, *ma reine,* the honour of your meſſage by Mr. *Crab?*

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir *Charles,* I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your houſe, a more decent, and ceremonious *adieu,* than our laſt interview would admit of.

Buck.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere?* I thought your flinty heart had, at laſt relented. Well, *ma reine, adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it ſo.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this conſolation, however, that If I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleaſure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths, at leaſt, we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by deſpair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poiſon'd.

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have ſhared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curſe your generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a laſt embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil!* phyſicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs.* Ah, la diableſſe! [*Exit.*

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiſs thee for this contrivance.

Ld. *J.* He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible reſentment of this girl has almoſt reconciled me to the world again. But ſtay, let us ſee—Can't we make a further uſe of the puppy's puniſhment? I ſuppoſe, we may very ſafely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing paſſions and proteſtations. But I'll take care, my girl ſha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We muſt have this twenty thouſand pound, *Lucy.*

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy flames. Reſerve your raptures; or, if they muſt have vent, retire into that room, whilſt I go plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the ſix bliſters on your head and back riſe, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a ſhoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are ſymptoms of a ſtrong poiſon.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab, Where is this miſerable devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from *Paris?*

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, *Racket?*

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a poſſibility of thy reformation, I have yet a ſecret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my eſtate, my—ſave but my life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy right to that lady, whoſe juſt reſentment has drawn this puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my ſoul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witneſſes. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your waſhes, paints, pomades, muſt blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag ſhall be reſerved. The execution of this part of your ſentence ſhall be aſſigned to your old friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt* Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic attendants, theſe inſtruments of your luxury, theſe panders to your pride, pack'd in the firſt cart, and ſent poſt to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an inſtant. The importation of theſe puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the *French;* unable to reſiſt you, whilſt you retain your ancient roughneſs, they have recourſe to theſe minions, who would firſt, by unmanly means, ſap and ſoften all your native ſpirit, and then deliver you an eaſy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu La Jonquil.* [*Exeunt* Jonquil *and* Bearnois.

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda.*

Enter Lucinda *and Lord* John.

Buck. Hey, why did not ſhe ſwallow the poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir *Charles.* But you allow me to be an excellent actreſs.

Buck. Oh, curſe your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your perſon and fortune in your own power: and if you were ſincere in your declaration of being directed by me, beſtow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my ſincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. *J.*

Ld. *J.* With more tranſport, than Sir *Charles* the news of his ſafety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at preſent, in a condition to take poſſeſſion of your poſt.

Buck. What ?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his aſſiſtant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho !

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the affair of the poiſon was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your bliſters ?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we cloſe the ſcene, receive, young man, this laſt advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happineſs to be born a *Briton*, let it be your boaſt; know that the bleſſings of liberty are your birthright, which while you preſerve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that *French* faſhions are as ill-ſuited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to theſe ſacred truths, you'll find,
That poiſon for your puniſhment deſign'd
Will prove a wholeſome medicine to your mind.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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A

COMEDY,

IN

TWO ACTS,

As it is performed

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

——— *sed habet comœdia tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. Hor.

LONDON:
Printed for W. LOWNDES, No 77, FLEET-STREET.
M.DCC.LXXXVII.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

PREFACE.

AS this is the laſt opportunity I ſhall have of addreſſing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmeſt acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a ſummer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baſeleſs beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finiſhing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together and throwing them into action. The juſtice, done them there by the performers, has been too ſtrongly diſtinguiſhed by the town to render any thing from me neceſſary; I could only wiſh that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Caſtallo, whoſe peculiar naïveté and ſtrict propriety would greatly become many characters on our ſtage.

S. Foote.

PROLOGUE,

Written and ſpoken by Mr. FOOTE.

HAPPY my muſe, had ſhe firſt turn'd her art,
From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They, who in all the bluſter of blank verſe
The mournful tales of love and war rehearſe,
Are ſure the critics cenſure to eſcape;
You hiſs not heroes now, you only —— gape!
Nor (ſtrangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgement on their ſcenes.
A different lot the comic muſe attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;
Muſt ſearch the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profuſion, th'avarice of age,
Nay, bring the pit itſelf upon the ſtage.
Firſt to the bar ſhe turns her various face;
Hem! my lord, I am council in this caſe,
And if ſo be your lordſhip ſhould think fit,
Why, to be ſure, my client muſt ſubmit;
For why? becauſe —— Then off ſhe trips again,
And, to the ſons of commerce, ſhifts her ſcene:
There, whilſt the griping ſire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himſelf t'enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thouſands throws a main at Covent-Garden!
Theſe are the portraits we're oblig'd to ſhew;
You are all judges if they're like or no:
Here ſhould we fail, ſome other ſhape we'll try,
And grace our future ſcenes with novelty.

I have a plan to treat you with burletta,
That cannot miſs your taſte, mia ſpiletta:
But, ſhould the following piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's volume we'll perſiſt to write;
Your partial favour bade us firſt proceed,
Then ſpare th'offender ſince you urg'd the deed.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Hartop —— ——	Mr. *Foote.*
Sir Gregory Gazette —	Mr. *Yates.*
Jenkins — ——	Mr. *Blakes.*
Timothy ———	Mr. *Caſtallo.*
Robin —— ——	Mr. *Clough.*
Jenny —— ——	Miſs *Minors.*
Miſs Penelope Trifle —	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Miſs Sukey Trifle ——	Miſs *Mills.*

THE

THE

KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discovered.*

Jenk. I Should not chooſe to marry into ſuch a family.

Hart. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter; and, to convince you that love is not the miniſter of my counſels, know that I never ſaw but once the object of my preſent purpoſe, and that too at a time, and in a circumſtance, not very likely to ſtamp a favourable impreſſion. What think you of a raw boarding-ſchool-girl at Lincoln-Minſter, with a mind unpoliſhed, a figure uninformed, and a ſet of features tainted with the colours of her unwholeſome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Hart. Your thoughts now were mine then; but ſome connections I have ſince had with her father

have given birth to my preſent deſign upon her. You are no ſtranger to the ſituation of my circumſtances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a ſufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he impoſed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it neceſſary for me to attempt by ſome ſcheme the re-eſtabliſhment of my fortune: this young lady's ſimplicity, not to call it ignorance, preſented her at once as a proper ſubject for my purpoſe.

Jenk. Succeſs to you, Jack, with all my ſoul! a fellow of your ſpirit and vivacity mankind ought to ſupport for the ſake of themſelves; for, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have ſuggeſted in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now ſtands; in days of yore indeed, when virtue was called wiſdom, and vice folly, ſuch principles might have been encouraged; but, as the preſent ſubjects of our inquiry are, not what man is, but what he has, as to be rich is to be wiſe and virtuous, and to be poor ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Hart. Your obſervation is but too juſt! and is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condeſcend ſo ſervilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, ſhould be ſo totally averſe to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are diſappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wiſdom of a faſhionable fellow: but here, How much a year? — Two thouſand. — The devil! In what country? — Berkſhire. — Indeed! God bleſs us!

us! a happy dog! — How the deuce come I to be intereſted in a man's fortune unleſs I am his ſteward or his tailor? Indeed knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by thoſe my underſtanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but why ſuch a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my eſteem, is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with juſtice be made of all imitations; the ridiculous ſide is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moraliſing and to our buſineſs. Prithee, in the firſt place, how can you gain admittance to your miſtreſs? and, in the ſecond, is the girl independent of her father? his conſent, I ſuppoſe, you have no thoughts of obtaining.

Hart. Some farther propoſals concerning my eſtate, ſuch as an increaſe of the mortgage or an abſolute ſale, is a ſufficient pretence for a viſit; and, as to caſh, twenty to my knowledge! independent too, you rogue! and, beſides, an only child, you know! and then, when things are done they can't be undone, and 'tis well its no worſe, and a hundred ſuch pretty proverbs, will, its great odds, reconcile the old fellow at laſt. Beſides, my papa in poſſe has a foible, which, if I condeſcend to humour, I have his ſoul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in ſpirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is ſo domeſtic an animal that I know no more of him than the common country converſation, that he is a thrifty, wary, man.

Hart. The very abſtract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his tranſmigrated ſtockings, was but a type

type of him. For inſtance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughters's head once a year for ſhaving the knight once a fortnight; his ſhoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year 1; his male ſervant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; his maid employs her leiſure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, ſhall be as many as poſſible, by joining with his daughter in ſcouring the rooms, making the beds, &c. thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere carte blanche; the laſt man he is with muſt afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a ſtory is his idol, throw him in that and he ſwallows it; no matter what, raw or roaſted, ſavoury or inſipid, down it goes, and up again to the firſt perſon he meets: it is upon this baſis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear his ſtories, and equipped myſelf with a quantity ſufficient to furniſh him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a ſpecimen; ——— Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith! and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his ſon Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He muſt come this way to the parlour. We'll have a ſcene; but take your cue, he is a country politician.

SIR GREGORY, *entering, and Waiter.*

Sir Greg. What, neither the Glouceſter Journal, nor the Worceſter Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury,

Mercury, nor the Cheſter ——? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble ſervant; a ſtrange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news ſtirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a ſtranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, ſir, not to be too bold, don't you come from London?

Hart. But laſt night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! —— Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to —— Well, ſir, and what news? You come from —— Pray, ſir, are you a parliament-man?

Hart. Not I indeed, ſir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Hart. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in ſome of the offices; the treaſury or the exchequer?

Hart. Neither, ſir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but, Mr. ——— Pray what name did Mr. Jenkins, Ha—— Ha——

Hart. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boſton?

Hart. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much; — quires of news-papers! — Now I reckon you read a matter of eight ſheets every day?

Hart. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court; and ſo, being at the fountain-head, know

know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Hart. I never trouble my head about them. —— An old fool! [*Aſide.*]

Sir Greg. Good lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very cloſe.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the ſecrets above; and it becomes a man ſo truſted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo. Wonderful! ay, ay, a great man no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better inſight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reſerve.

Sir Greg. May be ſo; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be ſo cruſty, indulge the knight's humour a little; beſides, if I gueſs right, it may be neceſſary for the conduct of your deſign to contract a pretty ſtrict intimacy here. [*Aſide.*]

Hart. Well, do as you will. [*Aſide.*]

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little ſhy in his replies, but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear, — he is a treaſure; he is in all the myſteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treaſure! ay, ay, may be ſo.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourſelf, I'll go in ſearch of your ſon.

Sir Greg. Do ſo, do ſo; Tim is without, juſt come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mavagezy in Cornwall;

Cornwall; Tim is an honeſt lad: do ſo, do ſo. [*Exit Jenk.*] Well, Mr. Hartop, and ſo we have a peace; lack-a-day! long looked for come at laſt. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many news-papers may you have printed in a week?

Hart. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I ſhall go to London one of theſe days. A hundred and fifty; wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the beſt?

Hart. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uſes; if you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whoſe character neither your nor his whole life can poſſibly reſtore, you may do it for two ſhillings in one paper; if you are diſplaced, or diſappointed of a place, a triplet againſt the miniſtry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amuſement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that ſame Fool be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully aſſumed that habit, like the royal jeſters of old, to level his ſatire with more ſecurity to himſelf and ſeverity to others.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you! Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that ſame Killigrew, and no fool! But what is all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the beſt account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and thoſe great folks?

folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now! — ſnug! — nobody by! — good now do; come, ever ſo little!

Hart. Why, as you ſo largely contribute to the ſupport of the government, it is but fair you ſhould know what they are about. — We are at preſent in a treaty with the pope!

Sir Greg. With the pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! how, how?

Hart. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra Incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the biſhop of Greenland ſucceeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a proteſtant, when poſſeſſed of the pontificals, iſſues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions, and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop! But might not I juſt hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Hart. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line! — a little hint! — do now.

Hart. Well, ſir, it is difficult for me to refuſe you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thouſand thanks! Now! the pope! Wonderful! I'll minute it down; —— both the Needles?

Hart. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it; —— the Lizard-point, —— both the Needles, — Scilly-rocks, —— biſhop

—— biſhop of Greenland, —— St. Peter's chair. ——— Why then, when this is finiſhed, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr. Hartop?

Hart. That's part of the ſcheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you ſee I have a head! politics have been my ſtudy many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the news-papers! —— They tell me Doctor Drybones is to ſucceed to the biſhopric of ——— [*Whiſpers.*]

Hart. No; Doctor ——— [*Whiſpers.*]

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Roſs, that it was between him and the dean of —— [*Whiſpers.*]

Hart. To my knowledge ———

Sir Greg. Nay, you know beſt, to be ſure. If it ſhould ——— Huſh! here's Mr. Jenkins and ſon Tim. Mum! — Mr. Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the pope?

Hart. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIMOTHY *and* JENKINS.

Jenk. Maſter Timothy is almoſt grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop: a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, ſon Tim.

Hart. Sir, I ſhall be always glad to know every branch that ſprings from ſo valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be ſo! Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Hart.

Hart. Sir, I am glad to ſee you in Herefordſhire: have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, ſir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or leſs.

Sir Greg. Well ſaid, Tim! ay, ay, aſk Tim any queſtions, he can anſwer for himſelf. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinners, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchers: I want a few words with my maſter Jenkins.

Hart. You have been ſo long abſent from your native country that you have almoſt forgot it.

Tim. Yes ſure; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or leſs.

Hart. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to ſee your papa and mamma?

Tim. No ſure, not I. Father ſent for me to uncle; ſure Mavagezy is a choice place! and I could a'ſtay'd there all my born days, more or leſs.

Hart. Pray, ſir, what were your amuſements.

Tim. Nan? what do you ſay?

Hart. How did you divert yourſelf?

Tim. Oh, we ha' paſtimes enow there: we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fiſhing, and hunting, and hurling, and wreſtling.

Hart. The two laſt are ſports for which that country is very remarkable: in thoſe, I preſume, you are very expert?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. I ſay you are a good wreſtler?

Tim. Oh! yes ſure, I can wreſtle well enow: but we don't wreſtle after your faſhion; we ha' no tripping; fath and ſoul! we all go upon cloſe hugs

or

or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, maſter? I wan't hurt you, fath and ſoul.

Hart. We had as good not venture though. —— But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loſs of more than hurling and wreſtling?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. No favourite ſhe?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and ſure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no I thank you for nothing: you muſt know I nurſed Favourite myſelf; uncle's huntſman was going to mill-pond to drown all Muſic's puppies; ſo I ſaved ſhe: but, fath, I'll tell you a comical ſtory; at Lanſton they both broke looſe and eat a whole loin-a'-veal and a leg of beef: Criſt! how landlord ſwear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almoſt mazed; it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Hart. A circumſtance, ſo material to his ſon, could not eſcape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you miſtook me a little, 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not ſettled upon ſome pretty girl; has not ſome Corniſh laſs caught your heart?

Tim. Huſh! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a tiny bit this way; — won't a' tell father?

Hart. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole ſtory, more or leſs. Do you know Mally Pengrouſe?

Hart. I am not ſo happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; ſhe's as handſome, lord! her face all red and white, like t' inſide of a ſhoulder of mutton: ſo I made love to our Mally;

and juſt, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out and ſent word to father, and father ſent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worſer for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father he'll knock my brains out, for he ſays I'll diſparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it; ſo father and mother ha' brought me to be married to ſome young body in theſe parts.

Hart. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No ſure, Dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Hart. I am ſorry for that; I have the honour to be a diſtant relation of her ladyſhip.

Tim. Like enough, fath! ſhe's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you ſay a word to father about Mally Pengrouſe. Huſh!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongſt us ſome time; he is going with his ſon to Sir Penurious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miſs Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Hart. The devil! I ſhall be glad of every circumſtance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! may be ſo, may be ſo.

Tim. Father, ſure the gentleman ſays as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to ——— But how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Hart. Why, ſir, a couſin-german of my aunt's firſt huſband inter-married with a diſtant relation of

a

a collateral branch by the mother's ſide, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever ſince quartered in an eſcutcheon of pretence the three goats tails rampant, divided by a chevron, field argent, with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to diſtinguiſh the ſecond houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly, related! good now, good now! if Dame Winifred were here ſhe'd make them all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now! ſee after the horſes; — and, d'ye hear! try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father. — But, couſin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouſe!

Hart. Mum!

[*Exit* Timothy.]

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make ſome miſtake about the horſes now! I'll go myſelf. Good now, no farther couſin! if you pleaſe, no ceremony! —— A hundred and fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog.

[*Exit* Sir Gregory.]

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a freſh ſpoke in your wheel.

Hart. This is a curſed croſs incident!

Jenk. Well, but ſomething muſt be done to fruſtrate the ſcheme of your new couſin. Can you think of nothing?

Hart. I have been hammering: — pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's perſon?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may ſoon know.

Hart. Could you recommend me a good ſpirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and underſtanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000l. a year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I gueſs your deſign: the man's daughter of the houſe is a good lively laſs, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to loſe. I'll call her. — Jenny! — But the enemy is at hand; — I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worſhipful family are retired I'll introduce the wench.

[*Exit* Jenkins.]

Enter SIR GREGORY *and* TIMOTHY.

Sir Greg. Pray now, couſin, are you in friendſhip with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Hart. I have the honour, ſir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! but, lack-a-day, couſin, is he ſuch a miſer as folks ſay? Good now, they tell me we ſhall hardly have neceſſaries for ourſelves and horſes at Gripe-Hall: but, as you are a relation, you ſhould, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here is Sir Penurious's letter; here, couſin.

Hart. "Your overture I receive with pleaſure, and ſhould be glad to meet you in Shropſhire." — I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's diſpoſition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better

better pleaſed to meet you here than at his own houſe.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! may be ſo! a ſtrange man! wonderful! But, good now, couſin, what muſt we do?

Hart. I will this morning pay Sir Penurious a viſit; and, if you will honour me with your commands, I'll ———

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! couſin, you are very kind: good now! I'll ſend a letter, Tim, by couſin Hartop.

Hart. A letter from ſo old an acquaintance, and upon ſo happy an occaſion, will ſecure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! an old acquaintance indeed, couſin Hartop! we were at Herefordſhire 'ſize together —— let's ſee, wonderful! how long ago? 'twas while I was courting Dame Winny; the year before I married; good now, how long? let's ſee, — that year the hackney-ſtable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a ſaw-pit.

Tim. Mother ſays, father and ſhe was married, the 1ſt of April, in the year 10; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two-and-thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and ſiſter Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's ſet about the letter. But pray, couſin, what diverſions, good now! are going forward in London?

Hart. Oh, ſir, we are in no diſtreſs for amuſement; we have plays, balls, puppet-ſhows, maſquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thouſand others. But I am in haſte for your epiſtle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Couſin, your ſervant.

[*Exit* Sir Greg. *and* Tim.]

Hart. I am your moſt obedient. —— Thus far our ſcheme ſucceeds; and, if Jenkins's girl can aſſume the aukward pertneſs of the daughter with as much ſucceſs as I can imitate the ſpirited folly of Sir Penurious, the father, I don't deſpair of a happy cataſtrophe.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins ——

Hart. Oh, child, your inſtructions ſhall be adminiſtered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has opened your deſign, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Hart. My dear, I have not the leaſt doubt of either your inclination or ability. — But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? — Scour, Jenny.

[*Exit* Jenny.]

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Couſin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg; — good now, could not you make intereſt at ſome coffee-houſe in London to buy, for a ſmall

ſmall matter, the old books of news-papers, and ſend them into the country to me? They would paſs away the time rarely in a rainy day!

Hart. Sir, I'll ſend you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ten thouſand thanks! you are a couſin indeed! But pray, couſin, let us, good now! ſee ſome of the works of that ſame Fool.

Hart. I'll ſend them you all; but a——

Sir Greg. What all? lack-a-day, that's kind, couſin? The Terra Incognita, — both the Needles, — a great deal of that! — But what biſhop is to be pope?

Hart. Zounds, ſir, I am in haſte for your letter; when I return aſk as many queſtions——

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true! — I'll in, and about it.—— But, couſin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Hart. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could ſay it, ſo none but ideots would believe him! Pray, Sir Gregory,——

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! Lack-a-day, you are ſo —— But, pray ———

Hart. Damn your praying! if you don't finiſh your letter immediately you may carry it your-ſelf!

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! Lack-a-day, you are in ſuch a ——— Good now, I go, I go!

Hart. But, if the truth ſhould be diſcovered, I ſhall be inevitably diſappointed.

Sir Greg. But, couſin, are Scilly-rocks ——

Hart. I wiſh they were in your guts with all my heart! I muſt quit the field, I find.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! a paſſionate man! Lack-a-day! I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar though!

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SIR GREGORY, *and* TIMOTHY *reading a News-paper to him.*

Tim. CONſtantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. The Grand Seignour ——

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child; and read the ſtars, and the daſhes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father. —— We can aſſure our readers that the D—— daſh is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L—— is to reſign his p——e in the T——y, in order to make r—m for the two three-ſtars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three-ſtars would come in play one time or other! this London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well!

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Laſt Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty houſe on Ormond-Quay, and ſtripped it of all the furniture,

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! to what a height theſe rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is, turn of your ———

Sir Greg. Pſhaw! ſkip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and, if he was to have the univerſal world for making a pair of ſtays, he could not put better ſtuff in them.

Sir Greg. Good now! where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Izard's children, good now! are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to ſpeak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now! deſire him to walk in.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a viſit from Sir Penurious Trifle: I ſaw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed! Mr. —— Come, Tim, ſettle my cravat; good now! let's be

a

a little decent: — remember your beſt bow to your miſtreſs, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but muſt not I kiſs Miſs Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, ay! pray, is couſin Hartop come along?

Jenk. I have not ſeen him: — but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now! would you be ſo kind! [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim! Pull down your ruffles, child!

Tim. But, father, won't Miſs Suck think me bold if I kiſs her chaps the firſt time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no! faint heart never won fair lady! ha! Tim, had you but ſeen me attack Dame Winny! — but times ar'n't as they were; good now! we were another kind of folks in thoſe days; ſtout hearty ſmacks that would have made your mouth water again, and the mark ſtood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter: but the maſter-miſſes of the preſent age go, lack-a-day! as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their miſtreſs's cheeks. Ah, the days I have ſeen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiſs her hearty enow, fath and ſoul!

Sir Greg. Huſh! Tim, huſh! ſtand behind me, child.

Enter

Enter HARTOP *as* Sir Penurious Trifle, *and* JENNY *as* Miſs Sukey, *and* JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoyed! — Good now!

Hart. Sir Gregory, I kiſs your hand! My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miſs, I am proud to —— Son Tim, Sir Penurious; beſt bow, child! —— Miſs Suck ———

Tim. An't that right, father? [*Kiſſes her.*]

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to ſee you look ſo well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Hart. Ay, ay! ſtout enough, Sir Gregory, ſtout enough, brother knight! hearty as an oak! hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a ſtory of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it; ſhall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it ſo often, yet there is ſomething ſo engaging in your manner of telling a ſtory that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! I love a comical ſtory. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and ſoul, I love a choice ſtory to my heart's blood!

Hart. You knight, I was at Bath laſt ſummer; — a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath, Dick? Hey, you?

Tim.

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Huſh, Tim! good now, huſh!

Hart. There's a coffee-houſe, you; — a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Hart. Pſhaw! damn the news! mind the ſtory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a haſty man, Tim!

Hart. Pox take you both! I have loſt the ſtory! — where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Hart. Right, you, right! true, true! — ſo, God, you knight, I uſed to breakfaſt at this coffee-houſe every morning; it coſt me eight-pence though, and I had always a breakfaſt at home —— no matter for that, though there I breakfaſted, you Dick, God, at the ſame table with Lord Tom Truewit: —— you have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the ſtory and made us die with laughing: — you have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was ſon of Charles the Firſt, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: ſo what does Charles the Second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worceſter; a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do, you; God, Noll made him ſcamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight; — Truewit told us the ſtory, made us die with laughing; I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe; it coſt me eight-pence, though I had a breakfaſt at home —— ſo what does Charles do, but hid himſelf in an oak,

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an oak-tree, you, in a wood called Boſcobel, from two Italian words, boſco bello, a fine wood, you, and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, ſays he, you don't come here!—Lord Tom told us the ſtory; made us die with laughing; it coſt me eight-pence, though I had a breakfaſt at home —— ſo, you knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the North, brought him back; ſo, you, the cavaliers; you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts; what did they do, God, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a ſign, the royal oak; you have ſeen ſuch ſigns at country alehouſes; ſo, God, you, what does a Puritan do — the Puritans were friends to Noll — but he puts up the ſign of an owl in an ivy-buſh, and underneath he writes "This is not the royal oak!" you have ſeen writings under ſigns, you knight: upon this, ſay the royaliſts, God, this muſt not be; ſo, you, what do they do, but, God, they proſecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his ſign though; and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed? God, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes "This is not the owl in the ivy-buſh!" — It made us all die with laughing! Lord Tom told the ſtory; I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe, though it coſt me eight-pence, and I had a breakfaſt at home —— hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, ſath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a moſt entertaining companion, that muſt be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now! ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady chooſe

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a little refreſhment after her ride? ſome tea, or ſome——

Hart. Hey, you knight! no, no! we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you Tim, what doſt think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick! But prithee, boy, what doſt do with all this tawdry tinſel on? that hat and waiſtcoat? traſh, knight, traſh! more in thy pocket and leſs in thy clothes; hey, you Dick! God, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, laſt year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-houſe in St. Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés, and his head, you knight, as white with powder, God, you, as a twelfth-cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be? hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! an ambaſſador to be ſure!

Hart. God, you knight, nor better nor worſer than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the opera-houſe in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Hart. Pſhaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody dreſſes now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dreſs; hey, Dick!

Jenk. You, ſir, don't want the aids of dreſs; but, in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a neceſſary compliment to his miſtreſs.

Hart. Stuff, Dick, ſtuff! my daughter, knight, has had other guiſe breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-ſtaff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams! prithee, Tim,

Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence; ſhe'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But, you knight, God, Dick, a toaſt and tankard would not be amiſs after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Hart. God, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey! I'll ſend Suck ſome bread and cheeſe in; hey, knight! At her, Tim! Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtſhip; hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! let's have it.

Hart. You know my wife was blind, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! wonderful! not I.

Hart. Blind as a beetle when I married her, knight; hey, Dick! ſhe was drowned in our orchard: maid Beſs, knight, went to market, you Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and, ſouſe, dropped into the fiſh-pond: we found her out next day, but ſhe was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though; hey, you! ſhe was only daughter to Sir Triſtram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does ſhe do, you, but ſhe falls in love with young Sleek, her father's chaplain; hey, you! upon that what does me I, but ſlips on domine's robes, you; paſſed myſelf upon her for him, and we were tacked together, you knight, hey! God, though I believe ſhe never liked me; but what ſignifies that? hey, Dick! ſhe was rich, you! But, come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Hart. Nay, pray ——

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! 'tis impoſſible! ——

Hart. Pox of ceremony, you Dick! hey! God, knight, I'll tell you a ſtory: one of our ambaſſadors in France, you, a deviliſh polite fellow reckoned, Dick; God, you, what does the king of France do, but, ſays he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: ſo, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go firſt: oh! an't pleaſe your majeſty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you Dick: am I the king of France or you? is it my coach or yours? and ſo puſhes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Hart. God, Dick, I believe I have made a miſtake here; I ſhould have gone in firſt; hey, Dick! knight, God, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your houſe, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins.

[*Exeunt* the two Knights *and* Jenk.]

Tim. Father and couſin are gone, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin. [*Aſide.*]

Tim. How —— Fath and ſoul I don't know what to ſay! [*Aſide.*] How d'ye do, Miſs Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk. — 'Tis a rare day, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your houſe a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*]

Jenny. [*Sings.*]

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miſs.

Jenny. I can ſing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love ſinging.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*]

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whiſtling!

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad finger.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miſs Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you muſt let it alone, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. Like enough!

Tim. Pray, Miſs Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What ſhould 'a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why you! Could you like me for a ſweetheart, Miſs Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mavhap ſomebody may ha' got your goodwill already?

Jenny.

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey! I don't know: but, if you could fancy me ———

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, faith, we may chance to be married if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And ſuppoſe I won't be married to you?

Tim. Nay, Miſs Suck, I can't help it, faith and ſoul! But father and mother bid me come a courting; and, if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father ſo.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, faith! you may ſtay as long as ——

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. There is a woman without wants to ſpeak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. That's I. — I am glad on't! [*Aſide.*] Well, Miſs Suck, your ſervant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back! —— God, I don't care whether ſhe likes me or no; I don't like her half ſo well as Mally Pengrouſe! — [*Aſide.*] Well, your ſervant, Miſs Suck!

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. Was there ever ſuch an unlicked cub? — I don't think his fortune a ſufficient reward for ſacrificing my perſon to ſuch a booby: but, as he has money enough, it ſhall go hard but I pleaſe myſelf! I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman; but, however, a favourable anſwer to his laſt queſtion will ſoon ſettle matters.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Now, Jenny! what news child? are things fixed? are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quickened my ſwain's advances by a little affected coyneſs; but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The waiter called him to ſome woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot! but, pox, that's impoſſible! you have not blabbed, Jenny?

Jenny. My intereſt would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that ſecurity any woman may, I think, be truſted. I muſt after him though.

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. I knew the time when Mr. Jenkins would not have left me ſo haſtily: 'tis odd, that the ſame cauſe that increaſes the paſſion in one ſex ſhould deſtroy it in the other; the reaſon is above my reach, but the fact I am a ſevere witneſs of: heigh-ho!

Enter HARTOP *(ſtill as* Sir Penurious Trifle*) and* SIR GREGORY GAZETTE.

Hart. And ſo, you knight, ſays he; you know, knight, what low dogs the miniſters were then; how does your pot; a pot, you, that they put over the fire

fire to boil broth and meat in; you have ſeen a pot, you knight? how does your pot boil theſe troubleſome times? hey, you! God, my lord, ſays he, I don't know, I ſeldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dreſs victuals! roaſt and boil, and ſo forth; God, ſays he, I ſeldom go into the kitchen; but, I ſuppoſe, the ſcum is uppermoſt ſtill; hey, you knight! — What, God, hey! but where's your ſon, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! where's Tim, Miſs Sukey? lack-a-day! what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here preſently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! well, and how, Miſs Sukey, has Tim —— Has he —— Well, and what, you have ——— Wonderful!

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Hart. Hey, you! what, a letter? God ſo! any anſwer, you? hey!

Serv. None, ſir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is buſy! Well, miſs, and did Tim do the thing? — did he pleaſe you? — come now, tell us the whole ſtory! wonderful! — rare news for Dame Winny! — ha! Tim's father's own ſon! but come, whiſper! — ay!

Hart. [*Reads.*] " I have only time to tell you that your ſcheme is blaſted: this inſtant I encounter-

ed Mrs. Penelope Trifle with her niece; they will ſoon be with you." —— So then all's over! but let's ſee what expedition will do! ——— Well, you knight, hey! what, have they ſettled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! right as my leg! ah! Tim, little did I think —— But, lack-a-day! I wonder where the boy is! let's ſeek him.

Hart. Agreed, you knight! hey! come.

Enter JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now! have you ſeen Tim?

Jenk. Your curioſity ſhall be immediately ſatiſfied; but I muſt firſt have a word with Sir Penurious.

Hart. Well, you! what, hey! any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope! your rival is diſpoſed of!

Hart. Diſpoſed of! how?

Jenk. Married by this time, you rogue! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouſe, ſhe trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim ſays: I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the buſineſs is done.

Hart. Braviſſimo! you rogue! but how ſhall I get off with the knight?

Jenk. Nay, that muſt be your contrivance.

Hart. I have it! Suppoſe I was to own the whole deſign to Sir Gregory as our plan has not ſucceeded with his ſon, and, as he ſeems to have a tolerable regard

regard for me, it is poſſible he may aſſiſt my ſcheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however: —— but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now! Mr. Jenkins, have you ſeen Tim? I can't think where the boy ——

Hart. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to ſet you clear with reſpect to ſome particulars; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! couſin Hartop as I am a living man! —— Hey! — well but, good now! how, Mr. Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The ſtory, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but in two words, my friend Hartop has very long had a paſſion for Miſs Trifle, and was apprehenſive your ſon's application would deſtroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he aſſumed the character of Sir Penurious; but he is ſo captivated with your integrity and friendſhip, that he rather chooſes to forego his own intereſt than interrupt the happineſs of your ſon.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! that's kind! who could have thought it, couſin Hartop? lack-a-day! well, but where's Tim? hey! good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, ſir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a peſtilent huſſey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day! who could have thought —— ah! Jenny, you're a — [*Exit* Jenny.] But where's Tim?

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Wounds, maſter! never ſtir alive if maſter Tim has na gone and married Mally Pengrouſe!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, ſirrah, how? good now, good now! couſin Hartop. —— Mally Pengrouſe! who the dickens is ſhe?

Robin. Maſter Timothy's ſweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came ſhe here? Lack-a-day, couſin!

Robin. She trampped it up after maſter: maſter Timothy is without, and ſays as how they be married: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now! let me come at him! I'll —— Ah, rogue! lack-a-day! couſin, ſhew me where he is! I'll ——

Hart. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; conſider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winny ſay? Good now! ſuch a diſparagement to —— and then what will Sir Penurious ſay? — lack-a-day! I am almoſt diſtracted! — and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you —— [*Exit* Robin.] I'll —— ah! couſin Hartop, couſin Hartop! good now, good now!

Hart. Dear ſir, be calm; this is no ſuch ſurpriſing matter; we have ſuch inſtances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, couſin, no.

Hart.

Hart. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but laſt week that Lord Lofty's ſon married his mother's maid, and Lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what in the news? Good now! that's ſome comfort however; but what will Sir Penurious ——

Hart. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, couſin Hartop, how?

Hart. Sir Gregory, do you think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, couſin, ay!

Hart. And would you in return ſerve me in a circumſtance that can't injure yourſelf?

Sir Greg. Good now! to be ſure, couſin.

Hart. Will you then permit me to aſſume the figure of your ſon, and ſo pay my addreſſes to Miſs Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father, and, if I could impoſe upon your ſagacity, I ſhall find leſs difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim!

Hart. I warrant you! But ſee, the young gentleman.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I —— Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and ſoul! but, if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do ſo no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee canſt forgive thyſelf, I can forgive thee; but thank thy couſin Hartop.

Hart.

Hart. Oh! ſir, if you are ſatisfied, I am rewarded. I wiſh you joy! joy to you, child!

Sir Greg. Thanks, couſin Hartop.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worſhip was in the houſe, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topſy-turvey again! what can be done now, couſin Hartop?

Hart. Dick, ſhew the ladies in here but delay them a little. [*Exit Waiter.*] The luckieſt incident in the world, Sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dreſs, and maſter Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, couſin!

Tim. Fath and ſoul! you ſhall have mine direc——

Hart. No, no! Step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay! where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice ſport!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss Penelope Trifle, Miss Sukey Trifle, *and a Waiter.*

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you preſently. Would you chooſe any refreſhment?

Miſs Suk.

Miſs Suk. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Miſs Pen. Fie, fie! niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't diſparage your family and breeding! The perſon is to be born that ever ſaw me touch any thing ſtronger than water till I was three-and-twenty!

Miſs Suk. Troth! aunt, that's ſo long ago that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then!

Miſs Pen. How, gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a huſband coming that will take you down in your tantrums! you are grown too head-ſtrong and robuſt for me.

Miſs Suk. Gad, I believe you would like to be taken down the ſame way!

Miſs Pen. Oh! you are pert! —— But, ſee, your lover approaches. Now, Sukey, be careful, child: none of your ———

Enter JENKINS *as* Sir Gregory Gazette, *and* HARTOP *as* Timothy.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, I rejoice to ſee you! wonderful! and your niece. — Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your ſervant, miſtreſs; I am glad to ſee you, Miſs Suck. [*Salutes her.*] Fath and ſoul, Miſtreſs Suck's a fine young woman, more or leſs!

Miſs Suk. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, lady, where's my brother Trifle? where is Sir Penurious?

Miſs Suk. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations,

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady, ſhall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your ſweetheart draw back a little?

Hart. Yes, father: come, miſs, will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Miſs Suk. With all my heart!

Jenk. There is, lady a wonderful affair has happened; good now! ſon Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad conſequences that I am, lack-a-day! ſo haſty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has ſeen the wench ſince we have been in town; ſhe has followed us here, ſure as a gun, lady! If Tim ſees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Miſs Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a moſt critical conjuncture, and requires the moſt mature deliberation.

Jenk. Deliberation! Lack-a-day! lady, whilſt we deliberate the boy will be loſt.

Miſs Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Miſs Pen. Adminiſter your propoſitions, Sir Gregory Gazette; you will have my concurrence, ſir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be moſt prepoſterous in one of my character to deviate from the ſtricteſt attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, no ſuch matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Miſs Pen.

Miſs Pen. Are the previous preliminaries ſettled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Miſs Pen. Why then, to preſerve your ſon, and accompliſh the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined and a miniſter may be procured.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good: good now! there has been one match already in the houſe to-day: we may have the ſame parſon. Here, Tim; and young gentlewoman! Well, miſs, wonderful! and how has Tim —— Hey, boy, is not miſs a fine young lady?

Hart. Fath and ſoul! father, miſs is a charming young woman! all red and white like Mally —— Hum!

Jenk. Huſh, Tim! Well, and, miſs, how does my boy? he's an honeſt hearty lad! has he, good now! had the art —— How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Miſs Suk. Like'n? Well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, miſs, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Miſs Suk. Gad! with all my heart. Aſk the young man.

Hart. Fath and ſoul! juſt as you pleaſe, to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or leſs!

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there you will find one to do your buſineſs. [*Exeunt* Hart. *and* Miſs Suk.] Wonderful! matters will ſoon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now! ſo kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe

if

if Dame Winny was dead that I ſhould be glad to lead up ſuch another dance with you, lady.

Miſs Pen. You are, ſir, ſomething too precipitate: nor would there, did circumſtances concur as you inſinuate, be ſo abſolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected ſo many matches, ſhould inſtantaneouſly ſuccumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady: good now! I ——

Miſs Pen. No, ſir: I would have you inſtructed, that, had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable reſolutions, ſhe need not ſo long have preſerved her family ſurname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only ——

Miſs Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette ſuch reſplendent charms or ſuch bewitching allurements as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who ſays ——

Miſs Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles, ſuperior to perhaps ——

Enter SIR GREGORY *and* TIMOTHY.

Tim. Yes indeed, father, Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parſon.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Maſter Jenkins, you have fobbed me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols nor your tricks to me! good now, good now! give me my clothes! here, take your tawdry trappings! I have found you out at laſt! I'll be no longer your property!

Jenk.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here, a ſtage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend, my loving couſin! (pize on the kindred!) let'n ——

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are theſe folks? as ſure as a gun they're mad!

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you though!

Miſs Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this myſtery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette! Lack-a-day! lady, you are tricked, impoſed on, bamboozled! good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette!

Miſs Pen. How?

Tim. Fath and ſoul! 'tis true, miſtreſs; and I am his ſon Tim, and will ſwear it.

Miſs Pen. Why, is not Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Suſannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? Lord! no, 'tis none of I, it is couſin Hartop in my clothes.

Miſs Pen. What's this? and pray who ——

Enter HARTOP *and* MISS SUKEY TRIFLE.

Jenk. Why, as I ſee the affair is concluded, you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop, you may now throw off your diſguiſe; the knight had like to have embarraſſed us.

Miſs Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you ſir, participate of a plot too?

Hart.

Hart. Madam, in the iſſue your family will, I hope, have no great reaſon to repent; I always had the greateſt veneration for Miſs Penelope Trifle's underſtanding, the higheſt eſteem for her virtues! and ſhould think myſelf highly honoured in being regarded as her relation.

Miſs Pen. Sir, I ſhall determine on nothing till I am appriſed of my brother's reſolution.

Hart. For that we muſt wait. — Sir Gregory, I muſt intreat your and your ſon's pardon for ſome little liberties I have taken with you both. — Mr. Jenkins, I have the higheſt obligation to your friendſhip. — And, miſs, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myſelf the change will not prove unpleaſing.

Miſs Suk. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we ſhall have your company at dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, no: that boy has ſpoiled my ſtomach! — Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales: but how thou wilt get off with thy mother ———

Tim. Never fear, father!

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bleſs,
We ſhall be happy all our lives — more or leſs!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

THE

Mayor of Garratt.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. and W. LOWNDES, No 77, Fleet-Street.
MDCCLXXXIII.
(Price One Shilling.)

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Major STURGEON.	Mr. *Banniſter.*
Sir JACOB JOLLUP,	Mr. *Waldron.*
BRUIN,	Mr. *Wright.*
LINT,	Mr. *Wrighten.*
ROGER,	Mr. *Holcroft.*
MOB, by Meſſrs.	*Helme, Naſh, &c.*
SNUFFLE,	Mr. *Burton.*
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. *Griffiths.*
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. *Dodd.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. BRUIN,	Miſs *Simſon.*
Mrs. SNEAK.	Mrs. *Wrighten.*

THE

Mayor of Garratt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir* JACOB's *Houſe at* Garratt.

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

ROGER—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, ſirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you raſcal? Is that all your manners? Has his majeſty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Miſter? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Gooſe, the taylor, from Putney, they ſay, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and ſpoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will ſoon be upon us; and all is fiſh that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be ſure there is plenty of muſtard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you ſtand yourſelf at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit* Rog.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty ſecure: But I can't think what makes my daughters ſo late ere they—

[*Knocking at the gate.*

Who is that, Roger?

Roger without. Maſter Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir. Jac. Well, maſter Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may ſay, to ſettle the buſineſs of the day.

Sir Jac. What buſineſs?

Lint. Your worſhip knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which caſe, maims, bruiſes, contuſions,

ſions, diſlocations, fractures ſimple and compound, may likely enſue: now your worſhip need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopoliſt, or vender of drugs, but likewiſe chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, maſter Lint, and equally ſkilful in both.

Lint. It is your worſhip's pleaſure to ſay ſo, Sir Jacob: Is it your worſhip's will that I lend a miniſtring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom muſt I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtleſs, the veſtry.

Lint. Your worſhip knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyſic the pariſh-poor by the great: but this muſt be a ſeparate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, maſter Lint, don't be unreaſonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearneſs of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get ſalt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next—We muſt take things rough and ſmooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No ſuch matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better inſtructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illneſs was very ex-

penſive; but now, phyſic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your eſſences, elixirs, emetics, ſweats, drops, and your paſtes, and your pills, have ſilenced your peſtles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have coſt you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your ſcurvies, and gouts, rheumatiſms, conſumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as ſound as a roach.

Lint. Noſtrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, ſpecifics, maſter Lint.

Lint. I am very ſorry to find a man of your worſhip's———Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a ſoul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the liſt of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, ſpinſter.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir

Sir Jac. And ſee here, the churchwardens have ſigned it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worſhipful Mr. Juſtice Drowſy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, ſirrah, do you think Mr. Juſtice Drowſy would ſet his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; ſhe has been cured of fifty diſeaſes in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropſy, by Weſt—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palſy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and ſciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Inſolent—

Lint. Conſumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And ſquinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Juſtice, ſo the affidavit brings him a ſhilling—

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, raſcal, how dare you abuſe the commiſſion?—You blood-letting,

ting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, bliſtering, gliſtering—

Lint. Bleſs me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, ſirrah, do you inſult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You ſcoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd ſend you this inſtant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty paſs, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelſon, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, ſeſſions petty and quarter; if after ſettling of rates, licencing ale-houſes, and committing of vagrants—But all reſpect to authority is loſt, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty conſtable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, ſee who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Juſtice Sturgeon, the fiſhmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middleſex militia. Uſher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wiſh'd you had come a little ſooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to ſcandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Inſolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the raſcal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magiſtrate; a few ſmart ſtrokes from your cane would have fully anſwer'd the purpoſe—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and ſqueaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is diſembodied, ſo the French may ſleep in ſecurity.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profeſſion of arms?

Major. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but uſe, uſe reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my firſt campaign, I no more minded the noiſe of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of theſe matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but

but as to my ſingle ſelf—And yet, we have had ſome deſperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! ſuch marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the duſt flying, ſun ſcorching, men ſweating—Why, there was our laſt expedition to Hounſlow, that day's work carried off Major Moloſſas. Bunhill-fields never ſaw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loſs to the ſervice.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I adviſed him to pull off his ſpurs before he went upon action; but he was reſolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the ſervice.

Major. Doubtleſs—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good ſpirits, we were quartered at Thiſtleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounſlow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine diſpoſition: on we march'd, the men all in high ſpirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to poſſeſs a pig's ſtye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, ſecure a retreat, who ſhould come by but a drove of

fat

fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen ſet up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an inſtant, and threw the whole corps in confuſion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horſe took to his heels; away he ſcour'd over the heath. That gallant commander ſtuck both his ſpurs into the flank, and for ſome time held by his mane; but in croſſing a ditch, the horſe threw up his head, gave the Major a dowſe in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, juſt by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Enſign Tripe, and myſelf, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green ſtage, we were ſtopp'd near the Hammerſmith turnpike, and robb'd and ſtripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Major. But in ſome meaſure to make me amends, I got the Major's commiſſion.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwiſe, we always ſucceeded of courſe: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I muſt do the regiment the juſtice to ſay, there never was a ſet of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compaſſes in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a ſingle diſpute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his cuſtom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a ſtitch for him ſince.

Sir Jac. But you ſoon ſupplied the loſs of Moloſſas?

Major. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: at ſixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid riſe!

Major.

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a ſerjeant of marines; ſo after ſhop was ſhut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exerciſe; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progreſs was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could ſhoulder, and reſt, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in leſs than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and ſquares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monſieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we ſhould have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous eſcape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus.*

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the beſt diſciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middleſex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to ſay; but lack-a-day, they have never ſeen any ſervice—Holiday ſoldiers! Why,

Why, I don't believe, unleſs indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the ſkin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! ſoldiers for ſun-ſhine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny ſequi* that—Oh, could you but ſee me ſalute! you have never a ſpontoon in the houſe?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a ſhove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, ſweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is ſhe as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this viſit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of ſuch gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no reſiſting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed ſteeds and neigh-"ing troops," as the black man ſays in the play; like the Roman cenſurer, I ſhall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the ſhade of your laurels.

Major.

Major. True; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magiſtrate; *Cedunt Arma Togæ.*

Sir Jac. Still in the ſervice of your country.

Major. True; man was not made for himſelf; and ſo, thinking that this would prove a buſy day in the juſticing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I ſuppoſe moſt of our buſineſs will be in the battery way, ſome warrants and mittimuſes ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to ſave time.

Sir Jac. A provident magiſtrate.

Major. Pray, how ſhall we manage as to the article of ſwearing; for I reckon we ſhall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our buſineſs, to-day, I believe, the law muſt be ſuffer'd to ſleep.

Major. I ſhould think we might pick up ſomething that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor raſcals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the ſtocks, we ſhould never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major.

Major. And ſwears as much as he uſed?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You ſurpriſe me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they ſay his wife has made him a Methodiſt, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of miſchief thoſe raſcals do in the country—Why then we have entirely loſt him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him laſt week for a couple of baſtards.

Major. Well done, maſter Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without huzza!*

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors deſire to know, if your worſhip has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I ſhan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worſhip has any objection to Criſpin Heel-Tap the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the raſcal can keep himſelf ſober: Is he there?

Rog.

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; ſtand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her huſband.

Major. Gad-ſo, you will permit me to convoy her in? [*Exit Major.*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingſgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fiſh is got out of his element; the ſoldier has quite demoliſh'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, *handed by the* Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profuſion of trouble; but my huſband is ſuch a gooſe-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak! —Your bleſſing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I ſay.

Enter Sneak, *with a hand-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal,* &c. &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay theſe things in the hall; and then go and look after the horſe: are you ſure you have got all the things out of the chaiſe?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry *drops the things in ſearching his pocket for the fan.*

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a—I declare, I am quite aſham'd to be ſeen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my ſight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good-day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to ſee you, ſon Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but juſt ſtep into the Alley to gather how tickets were ſold.

Sir Jac. Very well, ſon Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty ſon you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the beſt: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married ſuch a one as your ſiſter? one houſe could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a muſhroom! a milkſop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monſter. [*Exit Sir* Jac.

Mrs. Sneak. Monſter! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouſe: Had my

my kind ſtars indeed allotted me a military man, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have deported myſelf in a beſeemingly manner.

Major. Unqueſtionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have diſhonoured his cloth.

Major. I ſhould have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all ſo brave; ſo polite; ſo every thing a woman can wiſh—

Major. Oh! madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; ſo genteel; ſo obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to ſay, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no ſtranger to what I have miſs'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but ſhe has infinite merit. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a ſneaking ſlovenly cit; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!

Mrs. Sneak. To be joſtled and cramm'd with the croud; no reſpect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the ſmoak of the city; no country jaunts but to Iſlington; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.

Major. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I ſee, Sir, you have a proper ſenſe of my ſufferings.

Major. And would ſhed my beſt blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave muſt favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Juſt to raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condeſcending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and ſiſter Bruin are juſt turning the corner; the Clapham ſtage was quite full, and ſo they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wiſh they had all been ſous'd in the Thames—A praying, impertinent puppy!

Major. Next time I will clap a centinel to ſecure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dreſs demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyſhip's moſt entirely devoted.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyſhip! he is the very Broglio and Belleiſle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your ſweet idera will be my conſtant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am ſorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Eſpecially with ſuch a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as ſoon as my dreſs is reſtored, I ſhall fly to relieve your diſtreſs.

Major. For that moment I ſhall wait with the greateſt impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [*Exit Mrs.* Sneak.

Sneak. Notwithſtanding, Sir, all my chicken has ſaid, I am ſpecial company when ſhe is not by.

Major. I doubt not, maſter Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thurſday-night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet ſome roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins,

kins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honeſt Maſter Muzzle, the midwife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then ſometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are ſo jolly and funny: I have learnt myſelf to ſing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durſt not ſing out loud, becauſe my wife would overhear me; and ſhe ſays as how I bawl worſer than the broom-man.

Major. And you muſt not think of diſobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major. That's right: ſhe is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think ſhe is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her ſome time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before ſhe was married?

Major. I did, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when ſhe was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kiſſing her hand; for we ben't quite ſo familiar as that---But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I ſuppoſe we ſhall come to it by degrees.

Bruin [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purſy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin *and* Wife; Bruin *with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fiſhing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you ſlut, how you have touſled the curls? Maſter Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble ſervant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to ſpeak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an inſtant; you can't think how impatient ſhe is. [*Exit* Major.

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk acroſs the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huſſy? If you had got up time enough, you might have ſecur'd the ſtage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my ſiſter a chay.

Bruin. And ſo he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to truſt my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray who is more fitterer to be truſted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But firſt ſee if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be ſure to lay the fiſhing-rod ſafe.

[*Exit* Mrs. Bruin.

Sneak. Ods me, how finely ſhe's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think ſo? ſhe is a ſweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak.

Sneak. Why, to ſay the truth, ſhe does now and then hector a little; and, between ourſelves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, ſhe allows me but two ſhillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis ſhe that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was ſtill a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would ſouſe them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durſt not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; ſhe always helps me herſelf to the tough drumſticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of ſhoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-cruſt ſince we have been married: you ſee, brother Bruin, I am almoſt as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An abſolute ſkeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would ſo ſwinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would ſo curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, ſhe richly deſerves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a ſpirit; and the firſt time ſhe offers to —

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, ſure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuſe to breed a diſturbance in another body's houſe; but as ſoon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be ſure to ſtand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wiſh—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as faſt as I can — Good Lord, what a ſad life do I lead!

[*Exit* Sneak.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a ſilk purſe of a ſow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, ſon Bruin, we are all ſeated at table, man; we have but juſt time for a ſnack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-ſpirited— Damn it, before I would ſubmit to ſuch a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be ſo cruſty.

Bruin.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry! ——Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE continues.

Sir JACOB, *Major* STURGEON, *Mr. and Mrs.* BRUIN, *Mr. and Mrs.* SNEAK, *diſcovered.*

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curioſity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's ſhow every year, can take any pleaſure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, theſe meetings are not amiſs; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in theſe piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, coſt me my popularity to quaſh it: the common people are as fond of their cuſtoms as the barons were of their *Magna Charta:* beſides, my tenants make ſome little advantage.

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. Criſpin Heel-Tap, with the electors, are ſet out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad-ſo, then they will ſoon be upon us: come, good folks, the balcony will give us the beſt view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is an arch raſcal.—

Sneak. And plays the beſt game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll ſend you home in an inſtant—

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with ſomething that will put you in mind of more important tranſactions.

Major. Perhaps ſo.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the ſame: for tho' art and education may diſguiſe or poliſh the manners, the ſame motives and ſprings are univerſally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæſar: let

let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the beſt wreſtler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told theſe things formerly; but ſince I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the claſſes. [*Mob without huzza.*

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of ſtingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, a STREET.

Enter Mob, *with* Heel-Tap *at their head*; *ſome crying a* Gooſe; *others a* Mug; *others a* Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; ſilence!

1*ſt. Mob.* Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2*d. Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Criſpin.

3*d. Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Criſpin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, ſilence! I ſay.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confuſion uſual upon theſe occaſions.

1*ſt. Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no reſpect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Choſen by yourſelves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be ſilent and civil; ſtand back there, that gentleman without a ſhirt, and make room for your betters: where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel Tap. Let him come forward; we appoint him our ſecretary: for Simon is a ſcollard, and can read written hand; and ſo let him be reſpected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for Maſter Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, ſtand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but firſt, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honeſt Criſpin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Maſter Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I ſhall do briefly, with all the loquacity poſſible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the ſecretary read the names of the candidates, and

and what they ſay for themſelves; and then we ſhall know what to ſay of them: Maſter Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of "the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gen- "tlemen, your votes and intereſt are hum- "bly requeſted in favour of Timothy "Gooſe, to ſucceed your late worthy may- "or, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the ſaid "office, he being" ——

Heel-Tap. This Gooſe is but a kind of Goſling, a ſort of ſneaking ſcoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A raſcal, has he the impudence to tranſpire to be mayor? D'ye conſider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this croſs-legg'd cabbage-eating ſon of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has ſtrength to ſupport it?

1ſt Mob. No Gooſe! no Gooſe!

2d Mob. A Gooſe!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hiſſing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. "Your votes are deſired for Mat- "thew Mug."

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and ſoft, good neighbours, let us taſte this Maſter Mug, before we ſwallow him; and, unleſs I am miſtaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Maſter Heel-Tap.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me aſk you a queſtion: bring him forward: pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the ſign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now anſwer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the preſent price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, ſirrah: an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be ſo: now, neighbours, here's a pretty raſcal; this ſame Mug, becauſe, d'ye ſee, ſtate-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this ſcoundrel, not content-

ed

ed to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raiſe it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I ſhould crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the liſt is Peter Primmer, the ſchoolmaſter.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a ſufficient man: let me tell you, Maſter Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wiſe enough to puzzle the parſon: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Ruſſia and Pruſſia: Ecod, George Gage the exciſeman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all ſtateſmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he ſwears as how all the miſcarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, ſays Peter, ſays he, if they would but once ſubmit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might riſe.

1ſt Mob. Ay, I wiſh they would.

Sneak. Criſpin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-Tap. He is, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I uſed to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. [*Exit* Sneak.

Mob without huzza.

Heel-Tap. Gad-ſo! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourſelves to the right and left, that you may be canvaſs'd in order: let us ſee who comes firſt?

1ſt Mob. Maſter Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Maſter Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the loweſt of your ſlaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug.

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1ſt Mob. He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wiſhes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honeſt Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is ſo; and how fares it with good Maſter Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Maſter Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Harkye, Maſter Mug.

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right; ſhe is a prodigious promiſing girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none ſuch a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's ſervice, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is ſettled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He muſt go in a fortnight at fartheſt.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodiſh birth, Maſter Mug?

Mug. The beſt in the world; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; ſhe has routs on Tueſdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dreſſes his miſtreſs's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dreſſing of horſes.

Mug. True; but he is ſuffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be ſo.

Mug. It is ſo. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I ſhould remember his face.

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profeſs.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well ſaid, Maſter Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to ſay to the Corporation?

Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garratt.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muſcles about.

Mug. The honour I this day ſolicit, will be to me the moſt honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, ſhould I ſucceed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my uſing my utmoſt endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpoſe, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will moſt principally tend. Garratt, it muſt be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandſworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, induſtry may ſupply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at preſent, your ſtaple commodities; but why ſhould not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to adviſe, I ſhould recommend the opening a new branch of trade; ſparagraſs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of ſparagraſs: Batterſea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at preſent, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourſelves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural ſtrength, and I will take upon me to ſay, that a hundred of graſs from the Corporation of Garratt, will in a ſhort time, at the London market, be held, at leaſt, as an equivalent to a Batterſea bundle,

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I muſt ſtep in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Maſter Mug!

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Criſpin; you and your friends ſhall have it at three pence.

Heel-Tap. What, ſirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you ſcoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if ſo be as how I would be conſenting to impoſe upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends——

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the firſt borough that ever was loſt by the returning officer's refuſing a bribe. [*Exit* Mug.

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his ſign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit* Heel-Tap, *and* Mob.

Sir

Sir Jacob, Bruin, *and Wife, come from the balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, ſon Bruin, how d'ye reliſh the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to ſpeak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: beſides, corporations are too ſerious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I proteſt, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are eaſily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it ſo well, that I hope to ſee one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the laſt you ſhall ſee.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be ſuch a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I ſuppoſe you would have me ſuch a ſniveling ſot as your ſon-in-law

Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

Enter Sneak, *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have ſuch a diſmal ſtory to tell you—

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as ſharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I ſee: at laſt, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the ſummer-houſe.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whiſpers*] as ſure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durſt not: what, would you have me ſet my wit to a ſoldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could ſee they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You ſee, Sir Jacob, theſe are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me bear, but your daughter ſhall never make me a beaſt.

Mob.

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What is the election over already?

Enter Criſpin, *&c.*

Heel-Tap. Where is maſter Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Criſpin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in conſideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of reſpect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimouſly choſen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how come Maſter Primmer to loſe it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Maſter Primmer was an Iriſhman; and ſo they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you ſhall ſee how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; ſhe ſhan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promiſe to ſtand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when ſhe will.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, ſhe is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, ſot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuſe to truſt my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I pleaſe, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is ſurely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you ſhall know to your coſt; and ſince you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the huſband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you ſhan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I pleaſe, and ſtay out as late as I liſt, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wiſit my friends at Vitſontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myſelf at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin;

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me: ſhall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you ſee ſhe is ſtruck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyſter: beſides, madam, I have ſomething furder to tell you: ecod, if ſome folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my vife, and I am your maſter.

Mrs. Sneak. My maſter! you paltry, puddling puppy; you ſneaking, ſhabby, ſcrubby, ſniveling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, ſirrah, demean'd myſelf to wed ſuch a thing, ſuch a reptile as thee! Have I not made myſelf a bye-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miſs Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at laſt with ſuch a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your laſt legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever ſuch a confident cur? My laſt legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuſe 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counſellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I ſhould keep my poſt-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, ſhe has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My laſt legs!—but I can rein my paſſion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, ſiſter Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her faſt.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have ſtirred up theſe coals then; he is ſet on by you to abuſe me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! ſuch a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wiſh people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I ſhall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what ſhall I do when ſhe has me at home, and nobody by but ourſelves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look ye, Maſter Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may ſuit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but theſe things are out of your ſpear; points of honour are for the ſons of the ſword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curſe of our cloth: all ſuſpected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reaſon; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilſt you are ſafe, Maſter Sneak; for the ſake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is paſt—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin.

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and ſharps, becauſe why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bagſhot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, riſk not ſo precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his ſouſings, his ſweatings, his ſwimmings; muſt his dear blood be ſpilt by a broker!

Major. Be ſatisfy'd, ſweet Mrs. Sneak; theſe little fracaſes we ſoldiers are ſubject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd againſt his dear——A man! yes, a very manly action indeed to ſet married people a quarreling, and ferment a difference between huſband and wife: if you were a man, you would not ſtand by and ſee a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have ſet her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever

ever think I ſhould have made my Molly to veep?

Mrs. Sneak. Laſt legs! you lubberly—
[*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd againſt me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expoſe yourſelf before the whole pariſh: but what has been the occaſion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himſelf the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why ſhould you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear ſuch an oaf? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goeſt: lookye, Jerry, mind what I ſay; go, get 'em to chuſe ſomebody elſe, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What ſhall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too ſerious a light; my honeſt neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll ſettle the buſineſs at once. Neighbours, my ſon Sneak being ſeldom amongſt us, the duty will never be done, ſo we will get our honeſt friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Maſter Jeremy's deputy? *Sir*

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens.*

Sneak. Do, Criſpin; do be my *Locum Tenens.*

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Maſter Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens.*

Sir Jac. So, that is ſettled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth ſeldom bear malice; let me interpoſe between you and my ſon.

Major. Your ſon-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deſerve a caſtigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but ſully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feaſt, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his ſhoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no ſhoes, a Major muſt be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightſome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it ſaid, that, after all my toil,
I ſtain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, ſword, and ſhield,
Sir Jac. As harmleſs in the chamber as the field.

THE END.

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